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## FIRST PAPER.

By EDWARD E. HALE.

THE interest which has attached to the series of biographical articles in last year's FORUM has proved to be such that the editor has determined on a similar series, in which different writers shall give their impressions and recollections of the books which have been of most value to them, for the formation of character and the direction of life. He has been good enough to ask me to contribute one paper to this series. I am glad to do so, and venture to ask that this paper may be considered as a sort of sequel to the paper on my own education, which was published in these pages a year ago.

I begin by expressing my grateful regards for the "New York Spelling Book," published by Mahlon Day, for the "Popular Lessons" of Miss Robbins, and for a little book called "Cobwebs to Catch Flies," which are the three books which I remember as being those of my dame-school experience. It is long since I have been able to find a copy of any one of the three; but, as Columbus might thank the carved stick which gave him a token of the nearness of America, I thank these three waifs of literature, which introduced me into the world of pleasure and of pain which I have since found in reading. In those days we read Mrs. Barbauld's "Early Lessons" with a curiosity never gratified as to what became of Charles, who was sometimes such an idiot and sometimes such a sage. In later years Charles Barbauld, as we called him, whose real name was Charles Aikin, reappeared in Carlyle's "Life of Sterling."

Of books of childhood to which I am very grateful I should name first the early translations of Grimm's popular "Fairy Tales." These books are still widely circulated, and I fancy they will be for a long time. They are the best literary statement known to me of the fairy tales of western Europe, and I cannot believe that children will ever be too much cultivated, or too rationalistic, or too pessimistic, to enjoy them.

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permitted to take their chances in novel-reading. I do not believe that you can make any rule about it. I do think that, as Walter Scott himself found, it is an excellent thing for the boy or girl to be turned loose among a large number of books, written, not for boys or girls, but for older people. They will choose what is best for them, and you cannot do a great deal to force the reading. I can look back on discoveries of my own, in a large and well-selected library, which have undoubtedly had a curious influence upon my after life. They are discoveries which, I think, neither my father nor my mother ever knew anything about, and it was not until I was a man grown that I myself had any idea of their value to me.

So soon as I was in college I was turned loose on the resources of the large libraries of the college societies, which, in those days, consisted simply of two-volume novels. We read a great many, and I doubt if they did us much harm. Indeed, there was a class of novel in that day, which will perhaps be reproduced in ours, the novel of conversation, which was of real use to us all, if it were only that it introduced us into society.

I very early enjoyed Jane Austen's novels. I can sustain a competitive examination upon them now, having probably read each of the more important ones at least fifty times in my life. Of these novels, and of many others, very much their inferiors, written between 1820 and 1850, a very large part consists in conversation. In that conversation there is a great deal of very good talk. The boys and girls who read these books were thus accustomed to good talk—bright talk, according to the fashion of the brightness of the day. Clarence Hervey's epigrams or the bright talk of the people in Miss Edgeworth's "Helen" would now be considered as very slow and old-fashioned. But we did not think so then. What followed was, that when we went into society ourselves we were not terrified nor made afraid, when we found bright people around us saying bright and interesting things. Indeed, our only trouble was that some of the people we met in society did not say such bright things as Emma did or Lady Davenant, or Clarence Hervey or Mr. Darcy. This habit of intercourse, if I may call it so, with people who talked well, a habit which we formed when alone, in our college-

rooms in Stoughton or in Hollis, was a direct advantage which we gained from our novel-reading.

I am sorry to say, on the other hand, that it was while I was an undergraduate that I first went to sleep over a book. The book was Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," and I have owed John Locke a grudge from that day to this, because he showed me that it was possible to sleep in the midst of reading. But I do not often sin in that way. The first necessity of a book is that it shall be entertaining. If it is not entertaining, it might almost as well be printed with blue ink on blue paper, as dear old Ned Channing would have said. If, therefore, the book do not interest me, I consider that I have, *prima facie*, a right to put it on one side, before it puts me to sleep.

I have recorded in another place a list of the novels that I deem to have been of use to me in the formation of character. There will be no harm, however, in repeating the list here. Some of them, as the reader will observe, belong to a period later than that of which I have been speaking. They are "Robinson Crusoe," "Helen," "Deerbrook," by Miss Martineau, "Jane Eyre," "Coningsby," Miss Yonge's "Heir of Redclyffe," Miss Warner's "Wide Wide World," "Pride and Prejudice," Dickens's "Christmas Carol," and "Pendennis," or any other Thackeray you choose.

The young men of the days immediately before me in college had been greatly affected by Wordsworth. I have heard Henry Bellows say that his acquaintance with Wordsworth was a new life to him. But the first wave, so to speak, the fresh rush, of Wordsworth's poetry had passed, before we of my time were old enough to read poetry. And it was another wizard who was to startle us from the proprieties of our boyhood. This was Carlyle.

I have an odd association with "Sartor Resartus," which serves me as an aid to memory, about the first knowledge of the "Sartor" papers here. When I entered college, in 1835, I had to go to my uncle, in a real and not in a metaphorical sense. I was to ask him "to sign my bond"—the bond required by the college, that it might be sure we paid our bills. I found him reading "Sartor Resartus," in "Fraser," I think. He laid it down,



showed it to me, and asked me if I knew what *sartor resartus* meant. As I had entered college with a certain distinction in Latin, I was rather mortified that I had to confess that the Latin school, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and Cicero, had passed me by, and left me innocent of any knowledge of the meaning of either word.

But we soon learned our Carlyle well, whatever we knew or did not know in Latin. It is not one man or two, in that generation, it is every one who wrote and read English, who was under his power, and the critics of future times will be able to show very accurately how and where that tide-wave struck the voyage of every man of letters who lived in the middle of this century.

There still exists, at Cambridge, a benefaction of one of the Hopkineses, which is expended for presents to be given to students who have been diligent in their freshman year. The presents are always books, and in the cover of the book is pasted a paper which begins "Detur"—"Let it be given." These books are therefore called "Deturs," even on the treasurer's accounts.

I do not know what intelligent "slavey" of President Quincy was sent in to the Boston Putnam's of that day, to buy in bulk the "Deturs" of that year. But I do know that some good angel of mine so guided him that among the rest he bought a volume, English print, of Dr. Aikin's "British Poets."\* This is a very well-made collection of all the most important poems in English between Cowley's time and Cowper's. The merit of it is that none of them are abridged. Either they are good enough to go in, or bad enough to be left out. And it is astonishing and useful to consider that, on the whole, pretty much all the good poetry in English between the year 1600 and 1799 can be printed in a volume as big as the Bible.

Some good angel of mine, as I say, bade this particular "slavey" buy one volume of Aikin's "British Poets." Some other good angel, or possibly the same one, guided President Quincy's hand so that he wrote my name on the "Detur" paper, and then with the same hand gave the handsome book to me—the most elegant book, indeed, that I had then ever owned, and to this day I have had none of more tasteful manufacture. So it was ordered by my good angel that always on my shelves was

\* Aikin was "Charles Barbauld's" father, if anybody cares.

this hand-book of standard poetry. Many a long evening, many a stormy day, have I sat and read "Paradise Lost," Pope's "Essay," even Somerville's "Chase," and the "Castle of Indolence," just as one reads the only newspaper in a country railway station, because I had nothing else to read, and was too lazy to go in quest of anything else. I advise people who have the care of boys and girls to throw such things in their way.

Tennyson came just before I left college. Mr. Emerson, who was always kind to young people, brought one of the early copies from England and lent it freely. We used to copy the poems in manuscript and pass them from hand to hand. I used to say that I was the first person who ever quoted "Locksley Hall" in public address. I did so in a college part; and whether the brag is literally true or not, I know I must have been among the earliest. In those days all young men who were interested in literature read "Blackwood's Magazine," with a unanimity such as the present age will hardly understand, unless, indeed, they learn to read the "FORUM" in the same way. In "Blackwood" we began to find careful criticisms of the English Art Exhibitions, by "A Graduate of Oxford." There did not, at first, seem much hope of interest in articles describing pictures which we had not seen and were not likely to see, but we found these articles worth reading. After the first there was no question with us whether we should read another. Such was the introduction of my generation to John Ruskin. When he revealed his name to the outer world by the first volume of "Modern Painters," the book made a revolution even in the habits of life of intelligent young people. It taught them to watch the clouds, the shapes of trees, their habits of growth, even, as they had not done, and gave to them a new and higher enjoyment of natural beauty. The new generation of to-day does not read these books of Ruskin, can hardly be made to read them. That is their affair more than it is mine. But the real reason why they do not read them is that they have been already trained in a habit of enjoying nature, and the open. This was largely, as I believe, created by these very books, so that they do not need them as we did. The young artists of our time would look in a very cavalier way on much of Ruskin's instruction. But nine in ten of them would,

perhaps, not be artists, had he not led the English-speaking race out of doors, in a sympathy with landscape painting and the work of true art, which has led to the new enthusiasm of our time for the arts of design.

When we left college, the younger Ware advised us to read the lives of men who had really helped the world. He intimated that this is the best way to find out what religion is and what it is not. He is quite right. To that bit of advice I owe the reading of a good many biographies, worthless as literary books, but in which I found good hints in the great science of living.

Foremost among many of these is Stanley's "Life of Arnold," which was published, I think, in 1844. This is another of the books which moved its time, and of which you can still trace the ripple on the ocean. We did not think, when we read it, though we should have been wise enough to do so, that the author was to fill and to deserve a place in the world's regard as large as his beloved teacher's.

Not long after, "Consuelo," in Mr. Shaw's admirable translation, took possession of Young America. The fame of it hardly exists now. But there must be something real in it to account for the hold it took, and the impulse it gave. I can remember that again and again I threw it down to go to work, with a feeling which, if expressed in words, would have been, "Will you waste your time in reading a French novel, when a woman like this can write a book like this?" But when "Jane Eyre" came, nobody threw that down till he had finished it.

There is a poor book, now forgotten, by Capel Lofft (the younger of that forgotten name). It affects to treat of mental gymnastics, or the training of the mind for intellectual work. It is, as I say, a poor book, but I found some hints in it, for which I have always been grateful.

I see that Mr. Bartlett, in his "Dictionary of Quotations," preserves three from Bailey's "Festus," a book much in vogue in my early days, from which we remembered many passages. This shows that the book is now not wholly forgotten. But I suppose it would be safe to say that not ten copies have been sold in ten years. There is something a little mysterious in the rocket-like rise and fall of reputations. Mr. Marston's plays cer-

tainly had as much esteem, when they were published, as Mr. Browning's, published at the same time. But a year or two ago I asked for them in vain at all the public libraries. My own copies had gone to their own place long before. Here is the basis of Mr. Emerson's sweeping rule, which advises us to buy no book till it is a year old. He says, substantially, that many will cry to you "read here" or "read there," but that you are not to go after them nor follow them. There will be many books which all the world will be talking about, which all the world will have forgotten, twelve months hence. That great publisher, Phillips, the founder of the "Atlantic Monthly," told me that the retail market for books can never float but one very popular book at a time. The rush of one wave smooths out the wave before. He said that Margaret Fuller's "Memoirs" was selling very rapidly, perhaps an edition a week, when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" swept in. The public could talk of only one book, and in the success of the novel the memoir was quite forgotten.

As a man grows older he cares less and less for other people's mental processes. He must, for better, for worse, rely on the tools he has. And, year by year, he comes to closer reliance on the eternities. It has been the great good-fortune of us who write more or less now, that we have been contemporaries of Mr. Emerson. Of course, we cannot say how largely we are indebted to him. If the obligation is not direct, it is none the less an obligation because the gift came from him indirectly. Of other writers who are a perpetual help, my list will be much the same as other men's. The "Imitation of Christ" is not to be read, excepting one wants to read it. Then it is not to be read as if there were any order to be followed in it. Nor have I ever found any translation which seemed to me quite fair to the author. Augustine's "Confessions," and a book not so much cited, his "Meditations," have been, and are, a great help to me. It seemed an accident when, early in life, I found an old edition of Owen Feltham's first "Century." Not long after a nice edition of both "Centuries" was printed in England: a book of great good sense and real insight. In Scougal's "Life of God in the Soul of Man," you find the marrow of the thing, if you break the bone relentlessly. There are old, perhaps new, editions of Jacob

Böhme. No man, who has not tried, can tell how much help for real life he gains by familiarity with these masters among the Mystics—familiarity, I say, not any hasty looking over of their writings. Put in your list Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Tauler, and any of the Brethren of the Life in Common. Do not be afraid of Molinos. On the same shelf you may put Spinoza.

Vaughan's "Hours with the Mystics" is a little hand-book in which an amiable man tried to introduce them to English readers. But the book has two fundamental weaknesses. First, it treats Life—the infinite Life—as if it were a bit of after-dinner luxury, to come in with a good cigar or a glass of sherry, under the trees in an orchard; and as if these realities discussed by these men were not the realities of tempest, fire, the crash of shipwreck, the forlorn hope, the agonies of the criminal dock, or the varying fortunes of the exchange. Second, Vaughan treats men who are infinitely his superiors with a sort of condescension, possible only to an Englishman of his school or to a Frenchman of a century ago. There is something which rouses one's wrath as well as one's amusement, when an amiable dilettant tells you gently that though St. Francis of Assisi had never seen the Thirty-nine Articles, "he yet really, you know, had some—well—some quite good notions as to a divine life, which are really—well, you know, really quite worth reading."

As to the choice of books to possess, I am sure that Mr. Emerson is right when he says "Buy in the line of your genius." The misfortune is that so few of us know what the line of our genius is. For those persons, if they live in the neighborhood of public libraries, I think the best rule is to buy few books excepting books of reference: as many of them as you will. Let the few be of the very best. Then you will have saved so much of your money that when the book comes which you must have—without which you would surely die—you can buy it and pay for it.

In short, for people in such circumstances, the rule for buying books seems to be like that which was laid down for marriage by an admirable husband of a charming wife: "Do not be married until you cannot possibly help it."

## SECOND PAPER.

By PROFESSOR WILLIAM T. HARRIS.

WHEN one begins this task of inventorying the books that have helped him, he becomes aware that he involves himself in a sort of personal confession of faith. If he publishes his lists and makes any sort of explanation of the secret that occasioned his successive attractions and repulsions, he reveals the very roots of his present convictions. He takes the reader into his confidence and shows him the inner judiciary of the man, which passes judgment on the past life and justifies the present view of the world as the true one. Each person must think that his present survey of the world is more accurate than his former surveys, for he now sees clearly their false estimates and makes due allowance. I am not speaking of practical life, but of one's inner judgment of himself. He may be conscious that once he acted more wisely than at present, but he will not admit that his view of the world was then so just as now.

The books that have helped one, therefore, are to be divided into two classes: books with false, or, at best, indifferent tendencies, but which aroused the latent energies to industry and self-activity; books which were affirmative in their tendencies, and incited to healthy growth in insight and in practical endeavor. The negative books precede the positive books. They belong to that period of life which the Germans name *Die Aufklärung*—that clearing up which arrives when one breaks away from use and wont, throws off adherence to blind authority, and begins to think for himself. Hitherto he has followed the directions marked out by prescription; he has obeyed the voice of the family, the ethical sense of the community, or the commands of the church, without questioning the ultimate grounds of their authority. They have in some sort given him the net results of the aggregated wisdom of the race, summing up the lessons of life and death, happiness and woe, error and insight, to the end

that he, as particular individual, may profit by the experience of his entire species. The views of the world that have been imposed upon him, therefore, and the habits into which he has been trained, are deeply rational in their structure, although their form is purely dogmatic, and that of external, arbitrary authority. What is needed is that he shall find in his own reason the necessity for these views and habits that have been forced upon him.

One will never cease to hope that a wiser education will arrive, whose methods will bridge the gulf between blind obedience to authority and conscious insight into what is rational. But at present the period of self-activity begins in most cases by deep-reaching negation or skepticism. The individual denies authority and all that it has taught him. He has not yet acquired any insight into the world-order, and yet he incontinently throws away the most precious gift that he has received, namely, the tradition of mankind, the aggregated thought of all humanity.

In my own case I floated down on the surface of the stream of use and wont, receiving and applying after a sort the lessons of authority until my sixteenth year, when I began to read with avidity a class of literature whose chief interest to me was its protest against some phase or other of authority. There were geological books revising the current interpretation of the book of "Genesis;" astronomical books re-enforcing geology by intimations of a far-off nebular condition of the universe, and with a development theory to account for what we now find; phrenological theories which professed to find a natural basis for an inventory of the powers of the mind, and, consequently, an ideal standard of perfect development which would serve as a basis for criticism of all human views and actions; there was a rising tide of books on mesmerism, spiritualism, water-cure, vegetarianism, socialism, and all manner of reforms. I felt the exhilaration of the reformer who sees the evils of the past and knows the true remedy.

There was the famous "Vestiges of Creation," ascribed to Robert Chambers, setting forth the development theory of the universe, as a running down without a winding up. Directly and indirectly that work inspired a literature of books of purely speculative character, all having as an object the attainment of a

consistent view of nature as a whole. I read and pondered these books from 1850 to 1855, as continuously as school studies or practical business would permit. Later I came to the literature of spiritualism, which attacked by implication the miraculous foundation of religion by furnishing modern miracles in inexhaustible supply and on unimpeachable evidence, and all to be explained on the basis of disembodied spirits of men.

It was to phrenology, however, that I turned with the most eager expectation, in this my era of hobbies. There was one book in particular which gave me real help—a book on “Memory and Intellectual Improvement,” by O. S. Fowler. It gave marvelous accounts of men with poor memories who had made them strong through persistent efforts of the will to cultivate them. They memorized whatever they were prone to forget, and by repetition soon acquired the power to recall without special effort. In 1852 I began a special effort to cultivate my memory of dates and numbers, and by repeating my efforts at intervals in after years I succeeded in acquiring a better than ordinary memory of such things. Phrenology treated what it called the “intellectual faculties” as so many powers of direct observation and retention, or memory. It has, unfortunately, never defined, named, or even discovered any of the really higher intellectual powers of the mind—such, for example, as psychology is wont to group under the name of “insight.” It separates, as independent faculties, degrees of the same power, as, for example, “causality” and “comparison,” and confounds different powers in one faculty, as in its faculty of “causality,” which it makes the “organ” for perceiving causes, principles, and laws; and yet, after all, does not understand its own terms, but makes causes synonymous with means and instruments. To this cause is due the failure of phrenologists to suggest any good measures for the cultivation of thought, while they give good enough rules for the memory.

In 1858 I read an eloquent essay by Theodore Parker on German literature. It spoke of German achievements in philology and history, in theology and philosophy. I was highly excited to learn that four great philosophic lights had ascended into the sky to shine for ages; they were Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. I at once resolved to devote so much of my life to the



study of these writers as would suffice to enable me to think over their thoughts and see them as true, or else see their fallacies.

Already I had for some time felt the necessity of knowing philosophy, in order to meet its attacks on my favorite ism, phrenology. I now left off reading books of mere protest and turned to a series of works of a different character. I had begun to realize that the abstract independence of the spirit of protest is only a half-freedom, and in this respect not entitled to its assumption of airs of superiority over blind obedience to authority. The book that helped me most to see this was Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." I turned round from the attitude of a carping criticism of the civilization in which I lived, and became a sympathizing student of its means and purposes. Just at this time, 1857, I had removed from an Atlantic State to Missouri. The spirit of the border land is constructive. Man finds raw nature before him, and is impelled to energetic activity to subdue the wilderness and transform it into a reflection of his will. Hence, on the frontier, man becomes a builder of civilization and has no leisure to criticise it. If he does not like his results he may easily change them, where all is so fluid; or he may accept them as the best he can realize under the circumstances. In the older communities there is a pressure from above that irritates the young man of much aspiration. Somebody else's will has already done what he would do. He does not find his place as builder so easily as in the West. He uses his superfluous energies, therefore, in grumbling or even in active tearing down.

Goethe treats this very problem in "Wilhelm Meister." It has two sides, that of individual culture and that of social combination. The gospel of culture runs through the whole, a continuous thread, but it culminates in the subordination of culture to the nobler aim of building up the institutions of humanity. The theater in all its phases and the vocation of actor are dwelt upon as a kind of foil to true culture. The latter rises to the conception of an ideal of character which it strives by all means to realize in itself. The youth attempts to build out of himself a new self on the plan of a nobler ideal. He must put on this new self and wear it until it becomes a second nature. Such is all true aspiration after the good and true. But in the drama the

actor assumes a part and plays it, whatever it be, evil or good. He puts it off at will and takes another *rôle*. In "Wilhelm Meister" we come to see that the man of culture is limited to one *rôle*. The best actor can assume all characters, and may himself be quite indifferent as to character, as Goethe shows us in the person of Serlo. In the "Travels of Wilhelm Meister," Goethe prophetically shows the world at large beginning to be affected by the sociologic problems which have become so prominent a century later. The necessity of the continual readjustment of vocations in an age of invention of labor-saving machines is properly considered. Migration and education, he thinks, are to solve the problem. The true vocation of the wealthy and the nobility, he shows, is to use their advantages to help society, to act as stewards of their property, and administer it so as to render possible a higher degree of self-help among all classes of society.

Goethe's distinction of culture into three grades impressed me very much. "For the lowest man, whatever he does is a trade:" he does it mechanically and as a dead routine. "For the cultured man it becomes an art;" and he strives to add to the routine everywhere some new touches born of fresh thought and higher ideals. But "the highest culture sees in the humblest activity its identity with the entire universe of practical activity," so for it the spirit of the whole is everywhere present, and there is nothing mean, nothing low, if it is a necessary part of the whole.

In the "Wilhelm Meister" I first came upon principles that helped me to solve my chief practical problems. His saying, "Thought expands but lames; action narrows but intensifies," I found a reflection which enabled me to govern my school (for I was a schoolmaster). In the sudden emergencies of practical life I had found myself trying to reflect when I ought to have been ready to act. I began to make elaborate preparations for whatever business I might have before me for the next day, and soon increased my practical power tenfold. I endeavor to re-read Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" every year, and always find it more suggestive than before.

While my studies in Goethe were going on I was fulfilling my resolution to study Kant and his great successors in philoso-

phy. I commenced his "Critique of Pure Reason," with all the strength I could muster, in my twenty-third year. After repeated attacks upon the work, reading a few pages at a time and turning back to the beginning again and again, nearly a year had elapsed. I could not as yet see clearly what Kant was attempting to say. Indeed, I found his style of thought so difficult that I did not seem to understand one single page of it all. I do not remember that I was particularly discouraged by all this. I found, to my great delight, that I was acquiring a power of reading with ease other works that had formerly been very heavy and dull. I was gradually training my feeble thinking powers, and soon after I had devoted a year to the "Critique" I broke through its shell and began to reach its kernel. It formed a real epoch in my life. It seemed to me that I had just begun to find life worth living. The year seemed so eventful to me that I was accustomed to say, "I have made an intellectual step this year as great as the whole step from birth up to the time I began to study Kant." I saw what was affirmative in his philosophy, and put aside his negative conclusions as logical inconsequences. The relation of time and space to reason seemed to me to assure the immortality of man and the personality of God. My study of philosophy continued without interruption from 1858, and each year I seemed to get a new insight which confirmed and re-enforced the one of the first year, and at the same time gave me a more useful application of the principle.

Studies of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel followed after the first year's study of Kant, and I must report that both Fichte and Hegel proved to be much harder in their systematic expositions than anything I had found in the "Critique of Pure Reason." Two works of Hegel made and still make on me a deeper impression than all other books. In reading his larger "Logic," I always feel myself ushered into a sort of high court of reason, in which all ideas of the mind are summoned to the bar and put on trial. Each one is examined and cross-examined in the light of the requirements of a principle that shall suffice for an explanation of the world of man and nature. The defects of such ideas as quality, quantity, cause, identity, force, as world-principles, are exhibited in a manner that reminds one of the expres-

sion of Spinoza: *Sub specie æternitatis*. The mental atmosphere of the book has a quieting and soothing effect on the student. All the collisions and petty details of terrestrial affairs seem to fall away, and one gazes, as it were, into their eternal archetypes, and sees the essence of the conflict, the problem reduced to its lowest terms. In the concluding portion of this "Logic" Hegel finds the highest idea, the idea of a Personal Being in whom will and intellect are one. This is the idea of God, whose knowing is creating. To me this has appeared to be by far the most important thought reached by the German mind. I have found great light in the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, who states this highest thought again and again as the outcome of Christian theology. The study of German thought helped me to comprehend the Italian. Indeed, Hegel's greatest merit seems to me to be that of interpreter of the deepest thought of all nations.

This faculty of interpretation shines out pre-eminently in his "Lectures on the Philosophy of History," which I place by the side of his "Logic," as the second of his greatest books. I believe that I have studied this book through nine times, with intervals of two years between my studies. (I use the word "studied," because no one can *read* a book of Hegel's.) I make historic excursions, reading up recent works on the subject, and then, taking up Hegel, I have occasion ever to admire his suggestiveness. The book at each new reading seems to have a crowd of valuable thoughts that had before escaped me. Even in places where Hegel depended on incorrect information, the best accessible when he wrote, the spirit of his treatment of the subject is often able to neutralize the error.

He studies the data of history with a view to discover the trend of the whole. The great underlying thought is the contrast between the spirit of Asiatic civilization and that of European. The Oriental mind strives toward formlessness, while the European seeks perfect form, and finds it in the idea of free self-activity, the activity of Divine Personality, and the activity of man in his image. The variety that is discovered in the unfolding of these two opposite tendencies, as it appears in the Chinese, Indian, Buddhistic, Persian, Syrian, Egyptian, Greek,

Roman, and Christian civilizations, furnishes fresh fields for perpetually renewed historical studies. This work of Hegel's comes nearer to being a genuine theodicy, a justification of Providence in human history, than any other work I know. "The world-history," says he, "is the onward progress of man into consciousness of freedom."

I came under the power of Carlyle's genius a year before I commenced Goethe. He was of great assistance to me in the way of emancipation from the spell of those earlier writings of which I have spoken. Their tendency was in the direction of finding a solution of the problem of life in physiological and hygienic conditions. Their view of the world also was materialistic. I am in the habit of describing the contents of the shelves of my library that hold the reading of that epoch as "the books of my saurian period." It was a sort of reign of Kronos, a series of hobbies, one devouring another. The first real insight reached puts an end to this whirling eddy of opinions.

I read first the "Hero Worship" in 1857, finding it somewhat dull reading. Having acquired some familiarity with his style of expression and with his leading thought I took up the "Miscellanies," and the author soon became fascinating. As I grew in capacity to understand him he gained more and more power over me, until I could only pity my former self, who had found anything of Carlyle's dull. I suppose that I caught less than one in five of the ideas of the "Sartor Resartus" on first reading. I struggled with the ponderous and complex art-form of the work, and finally extracted the chief thought and many minor reflections of exceeding value to me. But I returned again and again to the book in after years, with the vain hope of discovering any affirmative significance in his "everlasting yea." In my later years I have come to believe that Carlyle's solution of the problem of life, at least in that early work, was rendered nugatory by the very terms in which he stated it. In other words, he presupposed the impossibility of an affirmative answer. He assumed that all form in the universe is only external clothing of some formless essence. This is a lapse into Orientalism. Time and space, all human institutions, all metaphysical systems, the human will and intellect themselves, are only clothing; that is

to say, only external form for what is formless in itself. I do not attempt to apply this key to his other and later works. The "History of Frederick the Great" and "The French Revolution" seem to me the greatest epic poems since Homer's "Iliad." Taken with the "Letters of Oliver Cromwell," they cover what is essential in modern history.

Although I began to read Emerson's "Essays" directly after I read the "Hero Worship," it was long before his serene insight became visible to me. His brilliant epigrams dazzled me, but I missed any connection between them. There was no sequence. It was first in studying his essay on "Experience," years afterward, that I discovered a unity. I found the same unity in the book on "Nature," and afterwards, in other ways, the poems came to have new meaning. I have no greater favorites than the poems entitled "The Lords of Life" and "Spiritual Laws."

In 1861 I began to read Sir William Jones's complete works, dwelling chiefly on his translations. The "Sacontala" and the "Hitopadesa" became great favorites. I afterwards read the "Vishnu Purana," and later borrowed from Mr. Emerson his copy of the "Sankhya Karika" of Kapila. I found Hindoo literature a shoreless sea for many years. There seemed to be endless variety and no unity. In 1872, however, I read for the first time the "Bhagavad Gita," and the source of my confusion began to dawn upon my mind. I had looked for a real difference between the systems of thought. A difference with our western modes of thought, European and American, means something radical. But with the Oriental Hindoo all distinction is illusion. I found that all his philosophy and all his literature presupposed the same formless unity underlying all. It is the destiny of all to be absorbed into that unity and lose its individual being. With this insight the literature of India becomes quite easy to follow. Its great value to our western culture I am ready to acknowledge, but I do not see how we can ever recognize the validity of its fundamental ideas. Its value is chiefly negative, aiding us in getting rid of sensuous conceptions in the realm of thought. It is a sort of cathartic for the imagination.

I had hoped to find room to speak at length of the great help I have derived from the yearly study of Dante, begun twenty

years ago. It is my experience with great world-poets that the first reading yields the smallest harvest. Each succeeding reading becomes more profitable in geometrical ratio. At first, Dante's "Divine Comedy" was a dumb show written over with hard, dogmatic inscriptions. It has become to me the most eloquent exposition of human freedom and divine grace. Strange to say, its poetic power impresses me more and more and its dry allegories sink out of sight. His less deep thoughts are put into allegory and he is able to restate their meaning in plain speech. But his deepest thoughts were unconscious to Dante the philosopher, and only revealable by Dante the poet in the structure of his poem. His theory, for instance, of the seven mortal sins, is not adequate as a key to his poetic treatment of them in the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio." He is nowhere able adequately to state his solution of the difficulty involved in the use of the Cabala, for the Cabala is founded on Gnosticism, and implies the already mentioned Oriental theory of the formlessness of the Supreme Being. Nevertheless, Dante is able, poetically, to make the doctrine of the celestial hierarchies harmonize with his doctrine of Divine Personality.

I will venture to illustrate by one example how Dante's representations are deeper than mere allegories.

In one of the ditches of the Malebolge\* he beholds the fortune-tellers approaching. Each unhappy soul, silent and weeping, comes slowly along the circular valley, with its head twisted round so that it looks out over its back. The soothsayer's business is to look into the book of fate and to see all the future as an accomplished fact. He, therefore, turns the future into the past, and leaves no room for free, rational choice. All is determined already to the fortune-teller. To him, therefore, all time is past. He looks out backward and there is not a real future for him, no fresh possibilities—hence, paralysis of will; poetically embodied by Dante in those paralytics who look only backward. The vision is so complete that it tells more than a long treatise full of reflections.

\* Canto XX. of the "Inferno."

### THIRD PAPER.

By PRESIDENT JOHN BASCOM.

If one were asked what five books he held to be of supreme worth, the question would have peculiar difficulties. This worth must be measured by its relation to the prosperity of the race; and this prosperity may be of an artistic, a social, or a spiritual order. In each case it needs to be defined, and the connection of these works of genius with it to be pointed out.

If one be asked the more manageable, and, on the whole, the more interesting questions, What part have books played in his own experience? What works have helped him in his intellectual life? an answer which shall be intelligible to comparative strangers must be accompanied by at least a hasty indication of what that life has been. Unless one is to fall into a simple laudation of a limited number of works, surrounded by many others of like and even greater merit, he must approach at once the vital point, What books have touched my life most directly, and in what ways have they touched it? An answer to these questions must leave out many supreme productions in literature, because the special life of a given person has not called for them.

My life, from the time I left college, has been pre-eminently meditative and thoughtful. I have given myself, with ever-returning assiduity, to religious, philosophical, and social inquiries, with a willingness to work over the same ground many times if thereby any new results could be secured. No question in these departments has ever arisen in my mind without occasioning constant uneasiness till I could dispose of it, and so escape it, by a proximately satisfactory answer. I started with a rigid puritanic nurture, and with a New England training in Scottish philosophy, the most dogmatic form of philosophy. I was always very sensitive to spiritual sentiment, and to the precise spiritual sentiment by which I was surrounded, and yet was studiously, though not rebelliously, critical of it. The result has been that,



without passing through any phase of unbelief, I have broken with all rigorous religious dogma, and allowed the religious impulses to overflow freely, so it seems to me, into the truly ethical, spiritual world about me. One must express in a matter of this kind his own impression, and my impression has come to be that most religious doctrines are frozen fountains, whose diminished and unserviceable waters are hidden under the ice of a dreary winter. They all wait to be loosened and replenished by the warm rains of spring. In winning my intellectual liberty, there has ever been a spirit in me which has taken sides with my adversary. I have, therefore, not gained an inch till I have sorely needed it, and have not lost an inch that I have once gained.

This forward movement has been forced upon me by a general—a purely general—familiarity with science, which I have cultivated for this very purpose—a breaking up of limits, the maintenance of the mind in a free, constructive activity. Of course, this one fact indicates a large service which books have rendered to me, and much labor on my part in their use. All works that have shown any wide mastery of sound relations in science have been of supreme interest, from those of Darwin outward and downward. I have been led to accept the doctrine of evolution, not in its strict, but in its theistic, form, and this means thorough and general reconstruction in the spiritual world. Evolution—in the form in which I would hold it, that of rational development—has been the one supremely productive thought in our time, and all processes have been fruitful according as they have stood in connection with it.

When the question is pressed back as to particular books, it cannot be answered by mentioning any one of the large number of books as giving the facts which are the grounds of this change of conception, but only by referring to books that have sustained the tone and temper of the mind in its pursuit of truth, made it bold, yet trustful, eager, yet restrained, hopeful, yet coherent and cautious. Recently, Amiel's "Journal," much earlier the works of Bushnell, the "Sermons" of Robertson, rendered me this superior service. I bring them forward as one book, for, in very different degrees and ways, they have all the one spirit by which we are taught to see the world as the visible record of

thought, invisible and truly imperishable. These books are full of life and so nourish life. The growth—if it be growth—that I have made, traveling with things and with men and with God, is precisely this: finding a living, rational presence, pure and inspiring, in events that seem to hide it, but deeply contain it; learning to read this world as one may learn to read a drama, or to keep movement with the rhythm of a lyric.

In philosophy I have worked over a great deal of rubbish, the fruit of the empirical tendency of our time; content, like a geological enthusiast, to find one thing among a hundred worth saving. The moment a philosophy has seemed to me to leave facts and to sail out on the waste sea of verbal construction, finding its only clew in a phosphorescent trail left behind it, the instant I was sure of this tendency, I have forsaken it.

The one certain principle in all true art is, that the intangible must be made tangible, the divine must be incarnate, philosophy must illuminate the world and shine through the world—the very familiar, but the very divine, world—in which we all are. I have often found it worth my while, like an art student, to leave familiar galleries, with their familiar objects, and to seek those places where actual exploration and excavation were in progress, however meager the results at any one moment might seem to be. All this labor in the dirt philosophy—I have always wished to delve to the very depths of the dirt philosophy for this very reason—has only made me more sure that the divine thing in the world is the human mind, that its powers are its own, in eternal expansion, indeed, but also in eternal possession. Mind alone sees. He that has eyes to see, let him see.

But the empirical tendency struggles to meet the supreme principle of art. The invisible must be made visible; the visible must receive, hold, and transmit the divine impulse; and, therefore, with much gleaning and frequent thanks, I have traveled through many works of empirical philosophy, but never for an instant have ranked any one of them among the very elect. I should, in philosophy, give this position to Mill's treatise "On Liberty," or John Morley's work on "Compromise," or on "Voltaire," or on "Rousseau." All these again are one, as filling

the mind with a spirit of fairness and largeness, and lodging it in the hands of that inner revelation of truth which is always and everywhere God's word.

No man who loves philosophical and spiritual truth as a concrete expression of the mind of God, can keep aloof from social, historical questions. Here are these truths in their dynamic, evolutionary form, and here one loves to watch them, with that eternal sense of motion which is, indeed, the very substance of things, and expounds them all. When one goes to history wisely, he goes to it as the highest expression and most certain measure of truth. Even if he goes to it from what he regards as revelation, the light he carries must, none the less, be able to disclose the coherent relation of these facts, and to find clear reflection in them. Whatever else is or is not divine, history, as a spiritual record and a moral government, is divine, and the darkness we seek to scatter is the darkness that hovers over it; the day we wish to dawn is the day that is to shine upon it as the fulfillment of the divine grace. What evolution has been to all the detached facts of science, weaving them together as a record of well-ordered forces, that is history to all personal spiritual truths, disclosing the field in which they arise and the significant part they play in it. The dogmas deduced from revelation have always suffered, and often greatly suffered, from not accepting the full correction of the works of God—that moral creation that is going on about us. These truths must run parallel, fully, freely parallel, with that extended record of spiritual events to which they apply. No sooner is this felt than something very like a new theology springs up, which is nothing more than the concrete side of revelation. All study in humanities leads us to history, and history binds together all the facts that touch human life, disclosing to us their real trend. Hence, one whose mind is at all deeply moved with an inquiry into the world as a spiritual world, must go often to history, and find here, even in remote places and in events long passed, much of his best interpretation; pregnant truths that begin, like stars, to turn the spaces that encompass him into one empyrean.

The authors who now render this service in a greater or less degree are fortunately many; and one who wishes to strengthen

his grasp of invisible things by seeing the gleam of light which follows the onward flow of spiritual events, has not far to go. Mommsen and Ranke may well enough stand for this truly prophetic vision, that lays down base-lines of unmistakable measurement amid the scenic fluctuations of historic events; for that insight which enables one to say, These principles are not principles present to my mind simply; they have wrought as ruling forces in the grandest events known to us, and so have settled and are settling human destinies.

Steel is made steel by cooling as well as by heating. Forms of reading that look to relaxation are only one degree less influential than those which intensify the thoughts and kindle the feelings. Being always tempted to a more coherent and vigorous movement of mind than my nervous system could well maintain, I have found novel-reading profitable. This reading has not extended over a very wide range, but I have returned to it often for brief intervals as giving tranquillity to faculties that would not sink at once into repose. Absolute idleness is often another kind of fatigue, and a kind especially irritating to the moral nature. The judgment is not able to overpower a tendency to activity which one may well enough call irrational. A secret hunger of the mind remains unappeased, and blights rest itself. When, therefore, no definite physical exertion, or physical repose after physical fatigue, is in order, the good novel spreads out a chapter of life which may be looked on lazily and restfully, like a fine view from the summit of a mountain.

I find myself, as years multiply, inclined to return with most relish to Walter Scott, because of the supreme reality, out-door freshness, and simplicity of his stories. They are not disguised philosophy or disguised anything else, but they are the vivacious, adequate impressions of a mind thoroughly sincere and wholesome in its sympathy with men and things. "The Fair Maid of Perth" or "Old Mortality" brings, to one who is no longer tempted to quicken his pace by the fascination of a story, pleasant thoughts of pleasant people, and sharp resentment for wicked ones—a mixed assembly, such as has made the world, everywhere and at all times, hopeful and fearful, a land whose clouds veil but do not extinguish its sunlight.

Certainly, another want remains, beyond those either of work or relaxation, and that is of æsthetic pleasure. In one very important sense, this is the want of wants. The pietism and asceticism of religion often, it seems to me, arise in a narrow, privative way from the lack, in some one direction, of a truly spiritual, æsthetic elevation, a robust embodiment of divine affections in substantial, sensuous forms. The highest impulse of art is the realization of the least tangible tendencies of mind in suitable products, and this impulse is every way akin to true religion. Pietism may easily become severe, asceticism sour; but the outward movement of the mind toward things and persons that contain and express the subtilty of the divine thought, the delicate relish of the divine grace, can be neither the one nor the other. The pleasure of visible perfection in lower and higher forms is, after all, the one force which lifts us most certainly toward God.

Strange as it may seem, Shelley has given me very uniformly the delight of the invisible, the spiritual, resolving itself, in rapid, creative touch, into distinct, changeable, evanescent, beautiful form. No English poet quite equals him in making way for his thought where no way is; in leaving a vivid trail of light behind him where no light was. He completes the illusion of his own sight with marvelous facility, and leaves the distinct mirage of his vision where the elements must almost instantly swallow it up again. The gossamer web of the spider floats in the air, invisible save from some one position, from which it gleams through its whole length, a fluctuating silver thread. No poet ever cast in the air lighter conceptions, or made them, from his own outlook, more fascinatingly visible. To turn Nature, in all her manifold forms, into the inexhaustible vocabulary of the spirit, so that the image and the feeling it utters float off together as a living thing, this is the unwearied inspiration of Shelley.

Yet no mind is more alien to me than that of Shelley in some of its aspects. Of logical incoherence, inconsequential narrative, and thoroughly mistaken opinion, Shelley is a supreme example. Deep and pure in his own affections, he missed the first principles of purity and strength in the living world of men. He wandered like a lost, not a fallen, angel among the

evil passions of his kind, and understood nothing of their nature or their remedy. In his sympathetic rehearsal of the encounter of the serpent and the eagle, he takes part with the serpent, because the facts symbolized are wholly misplaced in his mind. An error so deep as this would fatally have weakened another man—it weakened Byron; but Shelley escapes from it constantly into a region pure, creative, remote. In the freedom of his own free spirit, he mistook unlicensed activity for liberty, and resentfully struggled with, and cast off, those social restraints which are, after all, the flowing garments of virtue. He regarded the law of life—not yet fully fitted to the life it expresses—as the bondage of life, and wandered backward toward that deceitful elysium with which imagination surrounds the primitive race.

This error makes itself so far felt as to preclude that entire fellowship which is the inmost force of art. Wordsworth, though he rarely attains that bold, easy execution which is so habitual with Shelley, always evinces a health and integrity of feeling which make our sympathy complete. Actuality, fact—a sufficient rendering united to inner validity of thought—are of far more moment with him. When, therefore, we are satisfied, we are abundantly satisfied, and rest on intellectual soundness as well as on emotional tenderness. While, then, I should put Shelley and Wordsworth together as giving habitually the higher pleasures of spiritual art, taking but one of them, I should take Wordsworth without hesitation.

If, now, I enumerate Mill, Mommsen, Amiel, Scott, and Wordsworth, as simply typical of those authors especially influential with me, I still feel keenly the motley and insufficient assemblage they compose. Mill and Mommsen may stand for the insight and force of reason, Scott and Wordsworth for the interpenetration of the sensuous and the spiritual, the clear real and the clear ideal; while the "Journal" of Amiel is a perpetual translation—somewhat morbid, somewhat narrow, but always penetrative—of events into the expression of a soul that easily overshadows them with its own experiences. One may not wish to listen long at any one time to such a translation, any more than one desires to tarry before a sunset, though he is fully sen-

sible of its beauty, and rejoices that it is habitually included in the course of nature.

If one is to understand the relation of his life to books, he must see the grounds on which great, even the greatest, works are often omitted from influential forces, as well as why inferior ones are included among them. I have been a fairly faithful student—using the word in a subdued meaning—of Shakespeare, yet I cannot say that I am conscious that either thought or the form of thought with me has been sensibly affected by this frequent return of attention to the great dramatist. The stream that swells a river must run the same way with it, must empty into it. It is not the mountain on the horizon, no matter how bold its elevation, that lets its gentle and commanding influences rest, like an eternal presence, upon us, but the one under whose shadow we live, whose slopes we are constantly climbing, and with whose moods we are lovingly familiar.

There must be a nearness in thought, a tenderness in insight, a concurrence in sentiment, a following of the mind's own bent, before even excellence becomes influential. Flowers may have no advantage over birds, or birds over insects, or insects over rocks, as points of studious contact with nature, but contact established at one point puts limits on every other. Art, in its entire range, is open to our admiration, but admiration becomes enthusiasm, a deep and forceful current, only as it nourishes productive power. Such a work as Goethe's "Faust" may stand wholly apart from the beautiful things—is lands inclosed in our own flow of life—which find reflection in our thoughts.

Two authors, Carlyle and Emerson, spread a commanding influence over the very years in which the earlier and stronger intellectual sensibilities were awakened within me. Yet neither of them was of much moment in my experience. Carlyle always seemed to me to frame a new humbug for every humbug he plucked down, and a humbug quite as dangerous to the times present as the one demolished. It was the commonplace rather than the false which he attacked, and he substituted for it the extravagant and the grotesque. His perpetual and oftentimes petty explosives of words, phrases, thoughts, were wearisome to me: a package of crackers fired off in a barrel.

For Emerson I have always entertained a very different feeling. I have listened to him with much pleasure, and have felt the genuineness of his mind. And yet, his sudden insight and prophetic anticipation have always lacked for me that clear, extended, inner coherence which no intensity of light can replace. This sufficient possession of the entire territory occupied, this extension of thought within itself, by which we lay down the bounds of our spiritual inheritance, are something far more than mere logic—a chain of fortresses stretching over a territory within easy range of each other. They may better be likened to the diffused, unequal, but marvelously united light which falls, in a moment of creation, on a landscape. Everything is coherent, interdependent, but with the most subtile interplay of a thousand variable relations. Such a landscape is far more than detached gleams of revelation; it is a complete presentation, palpitating with its own unity. The tendency of Emerson, not so much to dwell in a land of ideas as to move continually through it, made him too migratory for my intellectual household. I could hardly keep even a chamber for him, as did the Shunammite woman for Elisha.

I ought to acknowledge the success, so far as I was concerned, of one piece of kindly legislation which the years have now nearly covered up. In my youth, the Legislature of New York provided town libraries, and the first installment, of some one hundred well-selected books, came, in their snug case and uniform binding, as a very attractive gift to our quiet little village, that had in it hardly the germs of intellectual life. I read every one, or nearly every one, of those books, and so also of those which followed. The plan, however, slipped from its earlier wise control; the selection passed into the hands of town authorities, and the uniform binding and the uniform excellence disappeared together in democratic slush. The gift was the more welcome to me as my father's library—that of a Presbyterian minister—was a bristling phalanx of puritanic writers. The eight volumes of Edwards's works stood in the first rank, and were backed by other productions less able, but not lighter of digestion. My mother—my father died early—with a patient, humble, and devout mind, was able to derive daily and hourly



nourishment from Scott's "Commentaries," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and Baxter's "Saints' Rest;" but to me, even in moments of religious fervor, these books were always chips. They were the ever-returning, undeniable proof of the depravity of the natural heart, that so obstinately rejected them. Nor was it because I was unwilling to put hard work upon them, if only it brought any return. To me, the best thing in this library was Edwards's "Treatise on the Will," though I have cast that out, shred by shred, till not a trace of it remains in my spiritual constitution.

This town library, therefore, from the outside world, was like fresh fruit to one long confined to sea fare. If one is at all of a positive nature, he cannot, to much profit, be sent on errands in the intellectual world. He must find his own food, and he is sure to know it when he finds it. If there is much to emphasize inheritance on the physical side of our constitution, there is always very much on its spiritual side to declare both its primitive and acquired liberty.

Books can only be profoundly influential as they unite themselves with decisive tendencies. The fitting thoughts and feelings they contain are then like the dissolving snows of spring, that speedily fall into extemporized channels and living streams. The water-shed which ministers to one's personal experience may have shorter and closer, or longer and more remote, lines, but wherever these divisions lie, most of the great storms that traverse the heavens, and the abundant showers that pour out of them, must still occur beyond their limits. It is then pre-eminently fortunate when the contributions to one's life come from opposite and somewhat remote points, and the stream is kept fresh and full by distinct, yet converging, tendencies. I esteem it the one great piece of good fortune—divine grace—in my life, that a strong spiritual tendency has been matched in it with a real interest in the whole realm of facts, and that nothing known of God's ways in the physical world has seemed to me to stand in any degree in conflict with what is truly known of his ways in the spiritual world. Nay, rather, the truest rendering of the one is always the deepest rendering of the other.

#### FOURTH PAPER.

By ANDREW LANG.

To write a true account of all the books that have helped one, or enlarged one's experience, would be to compile an "*autobiographia literaria*," and also a library catalogue of some bulk. The editor of the FORUM has not invited me to produce titles of these works, which, indeed, would demand the whole of his space for a considerable term of years. The purpose of these papers (to the last degree philanthropic) is to afford us a chance of babbling about our favorite books and our early recollections. Every one likes to talk about himself, and most literary people like to talk about books. The opportunity seems far too eligible to be neglected, and I shall be as egotistic and garrulous as the old age of Meleager.

I scarcely remember the time when I could not read, but I do remember, first of books, "L'Affaire Rouge-Gorge"—"Who Killed Cock-Robin?" This was certainly the first book I ever read, and it indicated a taste for novels in the manner of M. Gaboriau. Who killed Cock-Robin? That is really the great enigma which M. Gaboriau and M. Fortuné du Boisgobey place, under different names, before their numerous and captivated readers. After solving this nursery mystery I began a course of fairy tales, which is not yet concluded. "Cinderella," the tragedy of "Blue Beard," "The Black Bull o' Norway," "Hop o' My Thumb," "Puss in Boots;" these beguiled the years between four and six, these still beguile my leisure. One never tires of the fairy tales, nor of investigating their origin and seeking for their first home, if that could only be found. Of them all, "The Yellow Dwarf," that malevolent fiend who rode on a cat, and carried off the Princess Frutilla, was the most delightfully alarming to childhood. It is an invention of Madame d'Aulnoy's, and does her the highest credit.

Children who read, read everything. There is not much use

in saying to a child, "Don't read this, or that!" Books do him no harm, except when they frighten him, and I confess that Edgar Poe, at the age of ten, and "Jane Eyre," at eight, alarmed me more than was desirable for the construction of a perfect character. But "a boy's Tom Jones," as Dickens says, "is an innocent creature." I am happy in the acquaintance of a lady of twelve who has adapted "Henry IV." to the nursery stage, and who cast herself for the Fat Knight. A child's Falstaff is an innocent creature, and I was much in the company of Poins and Sir John when my summers numbered six. I remember reading the "Midsummer Night's Dream," too, and by the firelight, in a room where some one touched the piano now and then, and a young man and a girl were playing chess. That is the most perfectly happy moment one recollects, for truth and fancy were at one, the fairies were as real as the actual people, the man and the maid were Miranda and Ferdinand. About this time one was introduced to Sir Walter and to the Border Minstrelsy. We lived on the Border; Carterhaugh, where Janet met Tamlane, was within a mile of us; Newark and Yarrow were hard by; all the burns murmured the ballad burdens; William of Deloraine's ride was familiar ground. Nobody who read Scott thus, as a child, and in his own country, and among kinsfolk whose own childhood had been made happy by a glimpse of the magician, can ever criticise him coldly. He is a personal friend, the kindest of companions and story-tellers.

At the age of ten the writer of these artless confessions was devoted to study, tempered by trout-fishing. I could and did read "Pinnock's History of Rome"! Then somebody lent me "Pickwick," and I was sent to school. The rest of my life has been entirely devoted to desultory reading. One's early school years were one prolonged promiscuous feast on novels; first Dickens, then Lever, Thackeray, more Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, Mayne Reid—everybody. If one is to talk of books helping one (except in the sense of making one happy), perhaps Scott and Thackeray have helped one most, have most heightened one's interest in life, in nature, in human beings, and in style.

A friend of mine tells me that once, when he was a little boy, he was sitting under a table, reading "Vanity Fair." A tall,

white-haired old gentleman came in and said, "What are you reading? 'Vanity Fair'? That's not a book for *you*." The tall gentleman was Thackeray. He might have said every day to me, in my boyhood, "That's not the book for you." But they were all the books for me, beloved books, full of the kindest friends, the noblest gentlemen, the purest ladies, the wittiest, best-hearted people, with a few wicked noblemen to hate, a few campaigners to avoid. People may say that Thackeray makes one too sentimental, too tolerant. They may urge similar objections against a well-known passage in the letters of Paul of Tarsus. In the matter of style Thackeray is inimitable, and not to be imitated. But no writer except Fielding, perhaps, and George Sand, gives a young student so brilliant an example of what style may be, had one time to think of it.

I have said nothing about classical influences on one's boyhood, because in early boyhood the classics are merely, as Mr. Swinburne says, "the dead men who bore us." Who can regard "Cæsar" or "Xenophon" as literature when he is in the fourth form? Four or five years of weary grammar come between boyhood and the Muses. Then we floundered through a play of Euripides, "The Phœnissæ." How little we cared for the fortunes of these maidens of Sidon!

Homer came a little later than that, and how very welcome he was! Till we read the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" at school Greek appeared the baneful secret of schoolmasters, a mere torment for youth, an obscure way of recording the facts that "Xenophon marched so many parasangs, and then took breakfast." Homer changed all that. Here was life, here were heroes and lance-thrusts and sword-strokes for the love of Helen, the fairest of women. Can one ever forget the first reading of that line where Thetis bewails herself, "Ah me, that have borne the bravest of men to my sorrow;" and the words of Achilles, "Mother, thou that hast borne me to be brief of days;" and the first sight of Circe, weaving at her golden woof, and singing her magic song? We had all been wandering, like the company of Odysseus, "through the tangled copses and the thicket"—through jungles of irregular verbs and exercises; then, like the Achæans, "we heard the song divine," not of Circe, but of

Homer. If there be real help in mortal words, it is in that speech of Odysseus, "Endure, my heart!"

All schoolboys who have since taken to literature may not have the same charmed memory of Homer. Mr. James Payn has not, I believe, for one. But at our humble Scotch school (where we only once, I think, produced an Ireland scholar) there chanced, in my time, to be a very unusual head-master. The Rev. Dr. Hodson happened to be aware that the Greek and Latin classics were "literature," an opinion singular among schoolmasters, which was shared by Mr. D'Arcy Thompson, now Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Galway. With them we drank from Homer, Thucydides, Aristophanes, Lucretius, in good large draughts. Most schoolmasters dole out the classics as Mr. Squeers doled out the weak milk and water to his young friends. "Ah," said that gentleman, tasting the milk and water, "here's richness," and Number One was allowed to drink "just enough to make him wish for more." So it is usual to serve out a few lines of Homer or a brief chapter of Herodotus, not even enough to make the boys "wish for more," and all the time is occupied with worrying over tenses and particles. This process may, indeed, make boys grammarians, but it will almost infallibly prevent them from discovering the charm and delight of the classics; though they may be such hypocrites, in later life, as to say, "Ah, here's richness," like Mr. Squeers.

Homer, Lucretius, Aristophanes, Herodotus—one admired them all at school; but the charm of Plato, of Virgil, of Theocritus, the wisdom of Thucydides, reached one later in college years, or even afterward. These are the true masters of the spirit of man; these with the other wise ancients, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus; these with the other enchanters, the poets of the Greek Anthology, and all the *Poetæ* falsely called *Minores*. But if once we begin to talk of poetry, there is no end to the matter in hand, nor would there be an end to this article. From Lord Tennyson, first, one learned what the magic of poetry was, as distinguished from the pleasure of ballad or narrative verse. I remember the hour of my "awakening," while reading how "all day long the noise of battle rolled" in a haunted house, once the home of the wicked Colonel Charteris. What poetry

is in its essence was revealed to one in that moment. "The key of the happy golden land" was given one, the land of Keats and Shelley, of "Lycidas" and "The Scholar Gipsy," of Théophile Gautier and Ronsard, of Crashaw and Gray, of Rufinus and Agathias. Why should one not have a Calendar of Poets, one for every day of the year? Thank Heaven, there are enough of them to go round. They may not teach one very much, many of them are not "tonic" in Mr. Matthew Arnold's sense at all, but they have all infinitely contributed to one's happiness.

About dramatic and satiric literature I have said little, not that I have not read them, not that one's poor personal criticisms of life and conduct in life have been little influenced by them. Of them all, of all who make life their theme, Molière seems to me (with Lucian and Rabelais) the greatest, the wisest, the kindest, the saddest, the most mirthful. In the kingdom of the shades may my place be within sight and hearing of Jean Baptiste Poquelin; may I brush his clothes, or carry his messages to Boileau and Racine and the reconciled spirit of Pascal. There is no other who saw life so clearly, so wisely, and so enjoyed its passing follies, with that unchanged background of age, failure, faithlessness, and death. One may think him too pessimistic and too skeptical in pieces like "Le Festin de Pierre;" but, on the whole, how human he is, and how strong is his belief in good men, and his belief in common sense and courage! He is the poet for the man of the world—or, rather, for the man *in* the world, by no desire of his own, rather than *of* it—while Montaigne is the philosopher for the man who from the world can keep aloof. We need no more than these, and the immortal Pascal, the greatest of all who have very nearly succeeded in believing. We can hardly enjoy Molière without Pascal, nor Pascal without Molière. Each is the complement of the other.

About books of edification, "tonic" books, books that help men in the wrestle with the world, may I be permitted to say nothing at all? Perhaps I am a heretic; certainly I am not an heresiarch, and would win no disciples, no converts to my private optimism or pessimism, or whatever my persuasion may be. Can it be a bad world, my masters, in which there are so

many good books? Perhaps it were unfair, even in the hastiest scrawl of recognition paid to authors who have made life happier, to neglect the moderns, one's contemporaries, the men who write to-day. Some are classics already, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Matthew Arnold. Others are on their way to being classics of one sort or another, in verse, or in fiction, or in romance. To the creators of Richard Feverel, of John Silver, of Jerry Jones and Umslopogaas, to him who planted "The Child's Garden of Verse," to him who devised "Happy Thoughts," and to the great, the beloved genius of Mark Twain, to these and a score of others, *salut en immortalité!*

## FIFTH PAPER.

By PROFESSOR A. P. PEABODY.

EGOTISM is not to my taste, and, if I know myself, is not my habit; but the series of articles to which I am asked to contribute owes whatever worth it may have wholly to egotism, and I shall therefore speak of myself as freely as if I were some one else.

I learned to read before I was three years old, and foremost among the books that have helped me I must put Webster's "Spelling-book." I knew the old lexicographer. He was a good man, but hard, dry, unsentimental. I do not suppose that in his earliest reading-lessons for children he had any ulterior purpose beyond shaping sentences composed of words consisting of three letters or less. But while I believe in the inspiration of prophets and apostles, I agree with the Christian fathers of the Alexandrian school in extending my theory of inspiration far beyond the (so-called) canon of Scripture, and I cannot but think that a divine afflatus breathed upon the soul of Noah Webster when he framed, as the first sentence on which the infant mind should concentrate its nascent capacity of combining letters into words, and which thus by long study and endless repetition must needs deposit itself in undying memory, "No man can put off the law of God." When I toiled day after day on this sentence I probably had no idea of its meaning; but there is nothing better for a child than to learn by rote and to fix in enduring remembrance words which, thus sown deep, will blossom into fruitful meaning with growing years. Since I began to think and feel on subjects within the province of ethics, this maxim has never been out of my mind. I have employed it as a test for my experience and observation. It is a fundamental truth in my theology. It underlies my moral philosophy. It has molded my ethical teaching in the pulpit and the classroom, in utterance and in print. In my intercourse with young



persons it has given shape to my advice, rebuke, and expostulation. I have quoted it, in its express words, scores, if not hundreds, of times, and still oftener have I translated it into more copious, but not more significant, forms of my own device.

In my childhood and early youth my chief recreation was reading, and I am thankful that I lived before the world was flooded with juvenile books and cheap popular literature. Children who read were then obliged to read such books as no young person now would be willing to look at. Dr. Aikin's "Evenings at Home," Berquin's "Children's Friend," Hannah More's "Cheap Repository Tracts," and Miss Edgeworth's stories—all of them more didactic than amusing—were my earliest books. I, of course, committed to memory, as children are wont to do, numberless hymns and poems, and I trust that they did me good; but there is nothing of this kind to which I can ascribe any specific benefit, with the exception of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose," which, I think, made me permanently appreciative of euphony as distinguished from poetic rhythm, and gave rise to my lifelong habit of testing by the ear the sentences that I read and write.

From my sixth year till I entered college I supplied myself with books from a library the proprietors of which were assessed fifty cents a year. How the several hundred very good books that it contained came there I never knew, nor did I ever know of an addition to it. I read indiscriminately essays, biography, travels, history; Hume's "History of England," in which any boy might be interested; Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," which I enjoyed; Rollin's "Ancient History," my having read which is to me inconceivable, yet an authentic fact. In this library were the then old volumes of the "Columbian Magazine," published in Philadelphia when that city was the literary and scientific metropolis of the country—made so by Franklin, Bartram, Hopkinson, and other kindred spirits. These volumes I found rich equally in wit and in wisdom. From such desultory reading I must have harvested a great deal of chaff, but, I am sure, no small amount of wheat; and my belief is that, at a later time and with books specially designed for young people, I should not have gathered a tenth part of the wheat which I

actually did garner for future use. I learned, to be sure, much of science that has become obsolete, yet is still of historical value, but at the same time many things that are obsolete, yet ought not to be so, and some things now reputedly new, simply because they were then premature and were laid away for a second birth.

It is surprising how often this early reading has furnished me with materials for not unimportant uses in later years. Two or three cases in point recur to my memory as I write. Shortly after the great Boston fire I prepared for the "International Review" an article on "Fires in American Cities," which was reprinted and put into extensive circulation by the directors of the oldest insurance company in Philadelphia. The chief merit of the paper consisted in its discussion of the importance and feasibility of fireproof buildings, a subject which a century ago received great attention on both sides of the Atlantic, but which has ceased to be of general interest, since the reckless and often profligate administration of the insurance system has made it easy for any man to insure his property for its full value, and for as much more as he chooses, and thus has given such license to carelessness and offered such a premium upon crime that we are burning buildings and their contents at the rate of a million dollars' worth a day. My knowledge of methods, experiments, and results in fireproof building was all derived from that old Philadelphia magazine, and I have reason to believe that I was then better informed on this subject than any architect of my acquaintance. Another instance. How induced, or why, I know not, I read when I was a boy Miss Edgeworth's treatise on "Practical Education." During many years, while I was officially connected with public schools, I was constantly giving to the teachers under my charge hints and maxims derived from that book, till I found that primary and infant schools in general were adopting as the fresh growth of recent times modes of instruction like those which Miss Edgeworth propounded to a non-receptive public almost a century ago. Still another instance. In lecturing and writing on the question of the innateness of conscience or the moral sense in man, I have found no testimony as to the moral condition of the lower strata of humanity more explicit, instructive, and evidential than that given in the rec-

ords of Mungo Park's "Travels in Africa," which I have not seen for more than sixty years, but which in my childhood I read with delight and wonder.

During the period of which I am writing, I read the poetry which it was then considered every one's duty to read, and much of which I could have read only from a sense of duty; for from Thomson I brought away nothing, from Young only a few quotable lines, from Cowper more, in point of salutary impression, not of mental enrichment. Milton alone seemed to me to combine the maximum of strength and of beauty. Under too intelligent religious culture to regard his demonology as otherwise than purely mythical, I thoroughly enjoyed the "Paradise Lost," treasured up its words and its imagery, reproduced for the inward eye and ear its scenery, incidents, and communings, and made real to my fancy what, as I well knew, had no counterpart in the realm of actual being. "Paradise Lost," "Lycidas," and some of Milton's sonnets and smaller pieces have molded such poetic taste as I have, and have created in me a love for solemn and majestic rhythm, for verse perspicuous while grand, and for diction adapted to ennoble and intensify thought, not to conceal it. Milton has made me unappreciative of the poetry which depends for much of its charm on involved sentences, tortuous phraseology, and sentiment that can be enucleated only by profound study, and sometimes not without the aid of a Pythoness as interpreter. The poetic aroma is for me exhaled before I can get at the meaning. I like both metaphysics and poetry; but I want them each by itself. In my judgment they do not mix well.

As for novels, I read all of Scott's, the earlier in my early boyhood, the later as they appeared; and I have read them all twice over, some of them three or four times. They seem to me now as transcendent in their character-painting, in their dramatic power, and in the lifelikeness of their narrative, as when they were alone and unapproached. So far as they cover passages of Scotch and English history, they made indelible the impressions derived from Hume, so that there are not a few personages, classes of persons, and transactions which always have to my mind a double aspect, one in my belief, the other in my imagination;

the latter by far the more realistic in my consciousness, though I have learned to regard it as false. The only other writer of fiction who has had an enduring influence on my ways of thinking and feeling is Dickens, who moved me very strongly in the several directions in which his best stories were designed to move the English mind. I am sure that I derived from him a healthful stimulus to various sympathies and activities. I subsequently was disposed to think that I had overestimated him; but within the last two years I have reperused all his works, and the result has been the renewal and justification of my first impressions, though with a clear recognition of certain defects in conception, in plot, and in the drawing of his best, especially his female, characters, which had struck me less forcibly as I read the stories in monthly installments.

As regards the more solid reading of maturer years, I have always been the most strongly drawn to, and have derived the greatest benefit from, authors whose position or opinion differed the most widely from my own. This has been especially the case in theology and moral philosophy, the departments peculiarly belonging to me equally by choice and by profession. As for Christianity, it is, of course, its own best evidence; but so far as external and historical testimony is concerned, I have had my faith strengthened much more by the false reasoning, the mutual contradictions, and the self-contradictions of its non-believers and opponents than by the often ill-constructed and poorly manned defenses of its advocates. Hobbes, Mill, Bain, and Spencer have done more than all other writers in confirming and defining my convictions—intuitions, I should call them, if I could legitimately appropriate this term—as to the ground of right, the source, seat, and province of conscience, and the imperativeness of moral obligation.

The most stimulating *quasi*-philosophical book that I ever read is "Sartor Resartus." It came into my hands before I knew much about its author, and it made me greedy for several of his subsequent works, though, after the Carlylese dialect became current among the horde of imitative sciolists, I ceased to enjoy it in its source. I must have imbibed and assimilated all that is best in "Sartor Resartus," for when I took it up anew

a year or two ago, I found in it for the most part but the reflection of my own familiar thought and sentiment, and the very portions of it that I had most admired seemed to me, though true, trite and stale. This must be the fate of every book in advance of its time in the legitimate line of progress, and the surest test of the actual worth of the ethical and philosophical works that flashed fresh surprises on the last generation is that they now appear commonplace and superfluous, because their contents have become the property of the general mind. Thus the most efficient instructors of the fathers may have no teaching power for the children. A man many years my junior, who is himself winning a foremost place among the pioneer minds of our time, asked me a few days ago if Channing had not been greatly overrated. In blended surprise and indignation I was hardly able to reply by a civil negative. Yet when I pondered on the question it no longer surprised me; for it was in the enunciation and defense of principles now regarded as axioms by men of all sects and parties, classes and conditions, that Channing, more than half a century ago, encountered the bitter repugnancy of the many and gained the superlative admiration of the few.

Biography has always been my favorite reading, and my appetency for it has been indiscriminate, so far as its subjects have any claim on the regard or interest of mankind. I can understand and appreciate a man's life-work to my own satisfaction only when I know something of his history. This is the case even with regard to the men whose work seems to have had the least of the personal element. Thus, for instance, Leibnitz, Spinoza, and Berkeley furnish me in their lives the *raison d'être* of their respective philosophies, and supply instructive commentaries on their writings. Still more do I find the best interpretation of poetry in the lives that have given it birth. Whatever is to be said or sung to me, of wit or wisdom, in prose or verse, I want to see the man who says or sings it. I want also to know all that I can about the men and women who have left not speech or song, but the memory of their doings. In devotional literature, I have little taste for the common run, or even for the better sort, of edifying books; and as for sermons, while I de-

light in hearing them, because I have the preacher and the sermon together, I read fewer of them than I publish. But the lives of saintly men and women, high and low, great and humble, of missionaries, philanthropists, reformers, I can read without weariness, and with unintermitted enjoyment. I have read even the three huge, clumsy, ill-made volumes of the "Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury," which I intended to skim, but discovered no portions which I was willing to lose.

I think that such reading does me good. I find myself translating a life unlike what mine can ever be into terms of my own life, shaping from it analogies, equivalents, and parallels for my own aims and endeavors, studying modes of embodying its underlying principles in forms, it may be, of which he whose experience suggests them could never have dreamed.

There are three biographies to which I have been specially indebted. The first is that of Niebuhr, in which the inception and development of his methods and canons of historical criticism are distinctly traced. If I have been able, in things secular and sacred, as to reports of current and records of past events, to steer a safe way between credulity and skepticism, I owe it in great part not to Niebuhr's "History of Rome," but to the virtual autobiography that gives shape and vividness to his "Memoir." If I remember aright, he expressed his confidence in the substantial authenticity of our canonical Gospels, and, however this may be, I owe largely to him my firm faith and trust in them. If Colenso had studied him, and had possessed mind enough to employ his methods, he might, without losing caste among intelligent churchmen, have done excellent service in rationalizing traditional beliefs concerning the Hebrew Scriptures.

I would next name the "Life of Thomas Arnold," which has a wider scope in its power of example than any other memoir which I can now recall to mind. Price, the candle manufacturer, was led by what he read about Rugby and its master to make his factory and the homes of his operatives an outlying, and hardly an outlying, province of the kingdom of heaven. With me the process of translation was more direct than with him; for when I read the memoir I was pastor of a large parish, with

many young persons under my charge and influence, and I was at the same time chairman of a school board. I had no need of Arnold to awaken my sympathy with young life; but he has helped me to understand it better, and to minister more intelligently and efficiently to its needs and cravings. His "Rugby Sermons" have a great charm for me; for, as is hardly ever the case with printed sermons, I seem to hear them as I read them; and while I have not been guilty of the absurd and vain attempt to imitate them, I have felt their inspiration both in the pulpit and in the lecture-room. I have also, in a large and diversified experience in educational trusts and offices, felt myself constantly instructed, energized, and encouraged by Arnold.

My third biography is that of Dr. Chalmers, fruitful of beneficent example in more directions than could be easily specified, but to me of peculiar service in his relation to poverty in Glasgow, with its attendant evils and vices. In his modes of averting pauperism, of relieving want in person and in kind, of bringing preventive measures to bear on the potential nurseries of crime, and of enlisting the stronger in the aid and comfort of the feebler members of the community, I found many valuable suggestions for the local charities which came under my direction or influence while I was a parish minister; and in the fewer trusts of that kind which I still retain, and in my present limited intercourse with the poor and suffering, I see his insight and foresight continually verified.

In conclusion I would say that I have very little faith in the serviceableness of such books as one forces himself to read for the good that they may do him, but unbounded faith in the worth of the books which one spontaneously chooses as aids to his growth in strength, knowledge, and character.

## SIXTH PAPER.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Books that have helped me may not help you. Specific direction in reading will hardly be found in such a series of articles as the present, unless incidentally. He who wishes specific advice may rather be commended to those who find amusement in the intellectual pharisaism of choosing a "best hundred books" for other folks to study. The helpfulness of a book is largely relative. Not only is it quite possible that the books which have helped one may not be of assistance to another, but it is certain that books helpful at one period of life are quite useless at another. It follows, therefore, that in order to give an account of the helpful books one has encountered, it is necessary to relate the circumstances in which they were of use, and the mental states which made their aid of importance. This makes a certain amount of autobiography inevitable, and I am embarrassed at the outset by a sense that autobiography is presumptuous in any but an old man or a great one.

To what humble friends are we indebted at the outset? I will not insist on "Webster's Elementary," with its fables, and its frontispiece of a boy gazing upon a shabby little "Temple of Fame" far above him, at the summit of a hill, drawn with so little perspective that it seemed a sheer precipice. But there lay tossing about the house, when I was a little lad, a copy of Lindley Murray's "Introduction to the English Reader," and the latter half of a copy of "The English Reader" itself. These were relics of the school-days of my mother, who once pointed out to me in one of them a poem that she had committed to memory under distressing circumstances. Sent to the dunce block for some childish mischief, she had suffered such mortification that she had not ventured to raise her eyes or even to turn a leaf. The piece before her was the address to two swallows who had entered a church in service time, beginning, "What seek ye



here, ye winged worshipers?" This my mother knew by heart when school was "let out" for the day, and for her spontaneous diligence in committing it she was highly commended at home, where the occasion for her poetic studies was unknown. These two books made not even the slightest concessions to the immaturity of a child's mind; they were merely a collection of pieces from English authors of established fame, classified with scientific rigidity into "Narrative Pieces," "Didactic Pieces," and heaven knows what beside. But in turning those musty pages I first made the acquaintance of literature. That is a great day in which one learns to distinguish and like works of genius. In this day of the deluge, many and many a boy is described by his friends as a "great reader," who never in his life has perceived any difference between a real work of literary art and mere rubbish. I think it was in Lindley Murray's collections that I first read "The Hermit" of Beattie and the "Elegy" of Gray, two favorites of my childhood.

In this world of ours, where a great part of most lives is spent in grinning and bearing it, the first letter in the alphabet of life is fortitude. I remember with gratitude a little book called "Robert Dawson; or, the Brave Spirit." It was published as a Sunday-school book, I believe, but it had much more gristle to it than the ordinary Sunday-school book of that or our time. In many a season of difficulty afterward, when ever-recurring sickness seemed destined to defeat all my boyish ambitions, I have been heartened by remembering Robert Dawson facing a rain-storm with the words, "Only a few drops at a time." It was the first story that I ever read which had a New England background. The minister's wife from New England, who lent me "Robert Dawson," kept a little collection of books to lend about the village with missionary intent, and I, for one, was her debtor. But I do not think she did me any good by putting Dr. Todd's "Hints to Young Men" into my hands. Dr. Todd was a good deal of a prig; the advocate and exemplification of much that is least admirable in the New England spirit. In his eyes life was meant for hum-drum; the value of a day consisted solely in its devotional exercises and the visible amount of work achieved. He did not recognize the use of en-

joyment for its own sake, and its bearing on the education of the spirit; and he confirmed me in the two worst habits I ever fell into, those of early rising and overwork.

It was the evil of the religious prejudices in which I was bred that all novels, except those with a ticketed moral, were put into the index. I read nearly all of Miss Edgeworth's tales, but I do not remember one beneficial lesson derived from her commonplace minor moralities. To this day, however, I cannot cut the string in unwrapping a parcel without compunction, so strong was the impression made by her "Waste not, Want not." I have saved a few feet of twine, and wasted time much more valuable in picking out knots. Nothing is more to be dreaded than a moralist or an economist destitute of the sense of proportion. But to the gentle Jacob Abbott I owe a considerable debt. The "Rollo" books early taught me to observe nature thoughtfully, to try experiments for myself, and to reason on questions of duty. Rollo's maxim, that "responsibility devolves," still recurs to me as a safe guide in certain circumstances. In carrying out the provisions of my father's will, my mother exchanged my father's law library for books likely to prove of advantage to her children. Her selection was mostly of serious works of history, quite beyond a boy's taste. The only juvenile books in the lot were Abbott's "red-backed histories," as we called them. These were my introduction to historical study. I think they might be excelled by books prepared in these later times, but as yet I know of none of their kind that are better.

It was my lot at fifteen to resume my studies, much belated by ill-health, under the instruction of Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, a writer of some distinction in the days when the country west of the Alleghanies had a provincial literature all its own. She was a woman of exceptional acquirements in that time, and I got more from her, perhaps, than from any other teacher. Something led her to believe that I would be a writer, and she took especial pains with my school compositions. I once presented a rambling essay on "The Human Mind," based chiefly on Combe's "Phrenology," which had fallen by chance into my hands. Nor was Combe wholly useless to me; from him I got the notion of the compositeness of what seem to be single traits in character,

and this recognition of what may be called "the resolution of force" in the formation of character has been of the greatest service in the writing of fiction. But my composition on "The Human Mind," which got its psychology from Combe, and its adornments from certain swinging passages quoted from Pope's "Essay on Man," was bad enough, and Mrs. Dumont made short and severe work with it, in a conference with me after school. Better than that, she took from her own shelves a volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which contained Priestley's exposition of the Hartleian system of mental philosophy. This widened my horizon at once, and to this day certain facts of mental action which Priestley there insists on stand out in relief in my conceptions of mind. Mrs. Dumont followed up her prescription of Priestley by lending me Locke "On the Conduct of the Human Understanding," which I sat up late to read, but which did not leave upon my mind any such impression as Priestley's paper. Yet, however I might accept the Hartleian notion of the importance of association of ideas, I was not prepared to receive it when pushed into the region of æsthetics. I soon after this read Jeffrey's review of Alison's "Nature and Principles of Taste;" perhaps, also, Alison's original. This traced all beauty to association of ideas, and I, grown quite a philosopher, fell out with the theory and sought an opportunity to discuss the question with somebody; but I could not find anybody in the whole village who cared a button about the origin of our perceptions of beauty, so that my intellectual ferment cooled down after a while, with no other result than that of bringing on again my old physical prostration, and driving me from school.

It was during the next summer that I made almost my first acquaintance with Washington Irving. Before this I knew him only by certain little pieces in the school readers. I was, at sixteen, sent to Virginia to spend a year among my father's relatives, and while there I was put into a boarding-school known as the "Amelia Academy." It was for over forty years conducted by one man, Mr. W. H. Harrison, a lovable master and a genuine scholar, whose familiarity with the classic tongues was so great that he often unconsciously said his prayers in Greek. In the

parlor of Mr. Harrison's dwelling was a small library behind glass doors. I had longed for access to this, but in my eagerness to make up lost time I had taken up studies enough to engross thirteen hours of every day. The principal was suddenly called away one day, and we had an unexpected rest. The boys fell to their favorite pastimes of "town ball" and high jumping with poles. It would have been wise for me to join them, but I went to the house and begged for the key to the library. Alas! it had gone to Richmond in Mr. Harrison's pocket. I had no recourse but to go into the parlor and read the tantalizing titles through the glass. One pane of glass high up was broken; I climbed to this, and thrusting my hand through, managed to draw out the "Sketch Book." It was a lovely spring day, and the fertilizing impression made upon my susceptible mind by this first dash into Irving was most wholesome. The headless horseman, Rip Van Winkle, Little Britain, and all the rest are yet associated in my memory with the brightness of a Virginia sky and the resinous smell of old field pines. All my old impulses to a literary life were awakened by the reading of Irving. I hardly dare look into the "Sketch Book" nowadays, for fear of disturbing that first impression.

The value of a book like the "Sketch Book," breathing an atmosphere of artistic playfulness, was very great to a nature like mine, pushed both by hereditary traits and religious influences to take life over-scrupulously. Under very different circumstances I became acquainted with another more original, if less imaginative, writer than Irving, who exerted a similar influence on me. After my return from Virginia to Indiana my physical ailments, aggravated by over-application to study, threatened to foreclose upon me once for all. I was, therefore, at eighteen, sent to Minnesota, the great sanitary resort of that time. Fortunately, I had a relish for rough life; my persistent illness and the consequent disappointment in my education had made me desperate. Refusing money from home, I undertook some gentle farm-work; then I took a humble place as chain-carrier in a surveying party, and at length hired myself out to drive three yoke of oxen in a breaking plow. My diseases got

sick of such treatment, and I was soon eating and sleeping as robustly as my oxen. What I felt most keenly was the intellectual starvation I suffered in the strenuous pioneer life of Minnesota in 1856. About this time there came along a man who conducted the book business on a plan I have never heard of since. He carried the priced catalogue of Derby & Jackson, and took orders for any book on the list. I bought in this way a copy of Charles Lamb's Works. It was my only book in a land where books were not, and it was no end of advantage to me. I was, just at this period of my life, deeply interested in settling the six days of creation; for in that time, when Darwin and evolution were yet below the horizon, our chief bother was to get the stratified rocks correctly created according to Moses. I had read Hugh Miller with eagerness, and had even followed the wire-drawn speculations in Hitchcock's "Religion of Geology." To a youth who has assumed such cosmical tasks Lamb could not but be wholesome. His delicious and whimsical humor is a great prophylactic against priggery. I cleave still to my stout one-volume copy of Lamb. There are many better editions, but none so good for me as this, with its margins covered by pencil notes, humiliating enough now, for they reveal the crudities, prejudices, immaturities of the young man who wrote them.

I have got little good out of long poems. What I read of the "*Æneid*" in school made no sort of impression on my imagination, except in a single description. When I was driven by invalidism to carry on my studies alone, I gave up the "*Æneid*" and read the "*Eclogues*" with genuine pleasure. I count them among the vitalizing influences of my education. In an old Virginia house I read the "*Paradise Lost*" with great attention when I was sixteen, and I plumed myself, boy like, on my discrimination in selecting the great passages. But I am not aware that the great epic exercised any permanent influence upon my education. Half a dozen years later I passed a night at the house of the chief inhabitant of a little hamlet on the Minnesota bank of the St. Croix River. Finding myself unable to sleep, I rose at four o'clock and made my way to the parlor. Upon the center table was Brydges's edition of Milton, and, opening that, I

fell upon "L'Allegro" for the first time. I read it in the freshness of the early morning, and in the freshness of early manhood, sitting at a window embowered in honeysuckles dropping with dew, and overlooking the deep trap-rock dalles through which the dark, pine-stained waters of the St. Croix run swiftly. Just abreast of the little village the river opened for a space, and there were islands; and a raft, manned by two or three red-shirted men, was emerging from the gorge into the open water. Alternately reading "L'Allegro" and looking off at the poetic landscape, I was lifted out of the sordid world into the region of imagination and creation. When, two or three hours later, I galloped along the road, here and there overlooking the dalles and the river, the glory of a nature above nature penetrated my being, and Milton's song of joy reverberated still in my thoughts. I count such an experience as that of high value.

But there is an influence other than that on character and intellectual development, and this I suppose every author of experience can recognize. Sometimes the genesis of a work can be traced to the reading of a book of a very different sort. The starting-point of novel-writing with me was the accidental production of a little newspaper story, dashed off in ten weeks, amid pressing editorial duties, and with no thought of making a book. The "Hoosier Schoolmaster," faulty and unfinished as it is, first won public attention for me, and now, after sixteen years, the exasperating public still buys thousands of copies of it annually, preferring it to the most careful work I can do. I am often asked in regard to the immediate impetus to the writing of this story, and the answer seems paradoxical enough. I had just finished reading Taine's "Art in the Netherlands." Applying his maxim, that an artist ought to paint what he has seen, I tried my hand on the dialect and other traits of the more illiterate people of Southern Indiana.

The long and painful struggle for emancipation from theological dogma can hardly be treated in such a paper as this without liability to misunderstanding. Strange as it may seem, the starting-point of the change with me was the reading of the works of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, whose writings were great favorites with me in the early years of my life as a minister. Some

of his books I read on horseback, riding from one preaching place to another. I recall particularly the "Astronomical Discourses," the Bridgewater treatise, and certain portions of the "Institutes of Theology." Dr. Chalmers believed himself to be a sound Calvinist, but there were certain things, rather in his method than in his conclusions, that changed my way of thinking on these things. Dr. Bascom, in a preceding paper, mentions his obligation to Bushnell and Robertson, who were also influential with me. I ought to add also George Macdonald's novel of "Robert Falconer" to this list, as well as Stanley's "Jewish Church," and the writings of the broad churchmen generally. Stanley himself, by implication, compares such men to Samuel the Prophet, in that they serve their generation by reconciling the past with the inevitable future. They release the mind from a sentimental bondage to dead dogmas by substituting a higher kind of sentiment. But with me the movement could not arrest itself at this point. There came a time, later in life than crises usually come, when my intellectual conscience insisted that sentiment of every sort ought to be put aside in the search for truth. Doubtless there were numberless influences back of this break-up of opinion and intellectual habits. Such a revolution is the ultimate result of all the forces of one's nature and education. But I remember three words of Sainte-Beuve—to whose writings I owe a hundred debts—three words that stung me like a goad when this change was approaching. It is in one of the "Nouveaux Lundis" that he describes the mental state of Lammenais, I think, by saying that there were certain doctrines which that ex-priest had *mis en reserve*. These words recurred to me over and over as a rebuke to my lack of intellectual courage. I also had put many things in reserve; if I discussed them at all it was always under shelter of certain sentiments. Were sentiments proper media for the discovery of truth? I will not dwell on the painfulness of the decision to which I was forced. There are few driven to this dilemma, I believe; it is for that few that I write. From the time that I resolved that nothing should be any more "put in reserve" by me, but that all my opinions, even the most sacred and venerable, should go into the crucible, I date what I deem a truer and freer intellectual life

than I had known before. Such a life has its serious risks of many sorts, its pains, its deprivations, its partial isolation. It is not to be chosen by him who is not willing to pay at a dear rate for the disentanglement of his intellectual powers. What conclusions the detached mind reaches on grave questions is a matter of secondary import. Such conclusions may well be inconstant quantities, for the sphere of the universe is large and that of a human brain very small. But the resolute refusal to have reserves under shelter is the important and wholesome fact in the history of a man who has a vocation for the intellectual life.

I was moved by the allusion of my good friend Mr. Hale to his growing love for Thomas à Kempis. There is a little copy of à Kempis that I used to carry on journeys with the purpose of quickening my spirit, and perhaps, also, with a notion, only half confessed, of keeping my Latin from entirely disappearing. I am sure it did me good. But reading à Kempis is like saying one's prayers in a crypt. There are people who are the better, no doubt, for resorting to an underground chapel. Nowadays such things are a little out of date, and it is hard for a real nineteenth-century man to go down stairs to pray. My little Thomas à Kempis has long been pushed to a top shelf near the ceiling, and it seems more trouble than it is worth to mount the step-ladder. Besides, Mr. Hale himself, in an excellent little story, taught me and many others that the true way is to "look upward and not downward, outward and not inward, forward and not backward." À Kempis may rest where he is; I would rather walk in wide fields with Charles Darwin; and, above all, I would rather, if it were possible, get one peep into the epoch-making book of the next century, whatever it may be, than to go back to the best of the crypt-worshippers. Perhaps it is but a reaction from the subjective training of my youth, but the objective life seems the better. I doubt whether one can be greatly benefited by a too constant dia-monologue with his own soul, such as à Kempis is given to.



## SEVENTH PAPER.

By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

WE read of the late Colonel Newcome that when he took up his abode in that famous mansion, 120 Fitzroy Square, he had a vague hope that he might renew his youth, and live on quite familiar terms with the generation below him. Accordingly, he had occasional gatherings to which he invited his juniors, Mr. Pendennis, Mr. Warrington, and such as they, who were born when the worthy colonel had already arrived at middle life, and were to him but as striplings. Poor Colonel Newcome found that he was not at his ease. Between him and his guests there was a chasm: they could not, somehow, shake hands across it, and he grew sad. It slowly dawned upon him that the old and the young cannot hope to enjoy perfect sympathy. Love, veneration, esteem, may exist on the one side or the other, but there is a point at which entire communion is necessarily interrupted; the man of sixty and the man of thirty can never have the same point of view.

Now, I have passed my sixtieth year; how much I have passed it I decline to say. I have a painful suspicion that the young fellows in the twenties or the thirties hardly understand what this admission implies. I was not brought up as you were, my respected friends. I did not even eat and drink the same things that you did when you were boys, still less was I taught as you were. To begin with, we were supposed to know Latin by instinct fifty years ago in England. There was, indeed, a translation of the Latin rules at the end of the Latin grammar, but there was none at the end of the Greek grammar; for, by the time a boy began Greek, he was presumed to have no need of anything in the shape of a "crib."

The only dictionaries we had was a thing called "Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary," which might have been better; and another thing called "Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon," which could hardly

have been worse. Schrevelius was a Dutchman, who published his meager volume in the eighteenth century, and, until some fifty years ago, it was absolutely the only help which English schoolboys had to enable them to acquire any knowledge of Greek. But Schrevelius had not a word of English in it: we learnt our Greek fifty years ago through the mediation of Latin, and when we "looked up" a word in the lexicon, we got the Latin equivalent and that alone. It is literally true that I do not remember the time when I did not know Latin; and one of my earliest recollections is that of having got a prize in my ninth year for repeating from memory nearly seven hundred lines of Ovid better than a dozen other urchins who competed for the same prize, and whom I distanced, to the joy of my proud parents. This was—well! it was more than fifty years ago.

As far as I can remember, schoolboys in those days never had any English reading-books except "The Boy's Own Book" and "Robinson Crusoe." Sir Walter Scott was alive, or, at any rate, he had not been dead long, but the Waverley Novels were a great deal too dear to allow of a boy reading them except in the holidays. The first of them that I remember devouring were "The Black Dwarf" and "The Talisman." But there was one English book which we all were expected to "get up" before we were "called to construe," and that book was the first volume which exercised a really powerful and permanent influence upon me in my early boyhood: that too was a dictionary, to wit, "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary." There is no such thing as a classical dictionary now. It has given place to the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography," forsooth, and that means about the very dullest and dreariest collection of articles on biography and mythology which the severest learned pundits can be induced to compile for the cultivation of the critical faculty, at the expense of everything else in the minds of boys and girls. But "Lempriere's Dictionary" was about as different from your modern dictionary of classical biography and mythology (and as superior, from the literary standpoint) as a plum pudding is superior to a dog biscuit. Dr. Lempriere was a merry old scholar who had been brought up upon Ovid and Virgil and Homer and Herodotus, and upon very little else. He believed all the stories

in Greek and Roman literature as a respectable and conscientious old Tory should believe them. All your new-fangled skepticism and your rubbishy science of mythology—these were as unknown to him as the history of the Hittites. “Romulus and Remus,” sir—not believe in them? Why! you’ll try and persuade me that Balaam’s ass never talked next! Pyramus and Thisbe only myths? Why! a man must be a born idiot to gabble such stuff!”

The longest article in “Lempriere” was one on Hercules. A murrain on the innovators who could not be content with that old name, but have changed it to Heracles! We had none of your Zeus and Heré and Ares and the rest of them—mere counterfeits! but good old Jupiter and Juno and Mars and Venus, rollicking about as gods should; such as they were painted, muscular, rotund, burly, and shameless; not namby-pamby, finicking things of beauty, that were all grace and smoothness. In our “Lempriere” the gods never glided, they bounced, as Rubens painted them; and we made no mistakes about them, or it went hard with us. Hercules was in those days to me a model of what a real hero ought to be. Lempriere’s article on Alexander the Great, too, had a great hold upon me, and was a prime favorite. But Hercules! he *was* a man, and Alexander was but a very feeble imitator of the other. The labors of Hercules were all set down in detail; all the twelve religiously numbered.

“Lempriere’s Classical Dictionary” had a great deal to do in the making of me in those boyish days. My imagination was trained, stimulated, appealed to. I was not turned into a prig and a skeptic too early. I had a world of heroes and demigods about me night and day. I admired greatly; I had my horrors, my dreams, my superstitions; I was swathed about with a grand and ennobling credulity. I believed in a past where virtue and bravery and adventure and self-sacrifice were no rarities. History was made to appear to us as a veracious record of the prowess of the strong and the valiant. We had not yet arrived at assuming that to believe anything outside the range of our narrow experience is a superstition. And thus I am sure that “Lempriere’s Dictionary” was one of the most potent, as it certainly was one of the earliest, factors which contributed to the formation of my mind at that period when our minds are in their

most plastic state, and when the molding of them goes on so strangely and so rapidly that it is not always easy for us to recollect when they acquired their shaping, or how the pressure of the guiding hand was applied here or there.

Meanwhile, at school and in holiday-time I devoured whatever came in my way that was printed, it did not matter much what. We rarely spent more than nine or ten weeks of the year under our parents' roofs in those days, and a boy who, during the holidays, read anything more than he could help, was looked upon by his fellows, when the holidays were over, as a bit of a sneak—a "smug" we used to call him. At home, however, I used to read a great deal. One vacation I was greatly attracted by Harriet Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy." They were to me wonderfully interesting stories, and gave me my first suspicion that a man or woman might actually be a reformer, even a radical, and yet be virtuous and capable of salvation. But my interest in economics and politics lasted very little over one summer vacation; for one day, behold! a school-fellow brought back in his box a copy of "Marmion," and, more wonderful still, somebody put into my box a copy of "Monk" Lewis's "Tales of Wonder." The world has forgotten Lewis, but I am not likely to forget him, and very much less likely to forget "Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogene." "Marmion" I must soon have known by heart, but I am not sure that the "Tales of Wonder" were not even more to me than "Marmion;" and to this day I hesitate to pronounce which I consider most thrilling, the death of Marmion, or the weird adventures of the heroic King Jamie, that pearl of knightly courtesy,

" When in there came a grisly ghost  
Loud stamping on the floor !"

The years that followed this period were remarkable for my first becoming acquainted with Chaucer and Spenser. I could only get extracts of the former, and found him too hard, but the "Faerie Queene" I read through from end to end, as I certainly did the "Paradise Lost" and the "Paradise Regained." Milton was the first English poet I was *made* to read, for my father took me in hand during the holidays and insisted on my learning a

certain number of lines by heart and saying them to him. I am bound to explain that these holiday tasks were a penance imposed upon me for the sin of having "Tom Jones" under my pillow. I forget how my sin was found out. It was, however, no severe punishment, and I got to love Milton greatly, and learned much more than I was ordered to learn.

It was just after I left school, and before I went up to the university, that the first great crisis in my intellectual life occurred. I was introduced to the writings of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I do not, of course, refer to the poetical works, but to that entirely unique collection of theologico-philosophical dogmatism, of profoundly suggestive hints and speculations, of hybrid mysticism, of subtle and pregnant criticism, of dreams and lightning flashes of genius to be found in the prose writings of the Highgate sage. To me, as to many another young man at that time (1844), the "Aids to Reflection" came as a new revelation. I cannot stop to explain how it was so, but the book took such hold of me that for years I rarely passed a week without reading out of it. It followed almost as a matter of course that at this period I should surrender myself to the influence of Southey and Wordsworth. Southey's larger poems, "Thalaba," "The Curse of Kehama," and especially "Roderick," seemed to me then the great epics of the age. I am not at all certain that I gave them too high a place in my admiration, and as I write I cannot remember any English epic that I have been able to read through since I read "Roderick," not even "Festus" or "Orion."

At this period, too, I was given over to Carlyle's "Heroes" and his "French Revolution," and to Shelley and Charles Lamb. My father had known Lamb personally, and was on intimate terms with Talfourd, Shelley's counsel, and from my boyhood I had heard a great deal of both one and the other; but it was not until about 1844 or 1845 that they became the gods of my idolatry. Shelley, however, was not for long my idol. He so often seems to be singing in a falsetto voice; and when a man does that, he is pretty sure to shriek when he gets excited. But Lamb: who can only admire Lamb? He is and will forever be more than a mere author to those that know him. He

is a presence, a presiding genius ; he goes in and out with you, haunts you in the kindest, gentlest way.

It was in 1845 that I first saw Tennyson's poems. How I could have lived without knowing them till then I cannot understand. I shall never forget hearing the "Morte d'Arthur" read to me by a friend for the first time.

It was while I was under the domination of Coleridge that the time came when I was compelled to turn my mind to theological reading ; and it was while I was thinking seriously of preparing myself to take holy orders in the Church of England that my tutor (with whom I had gone through a great many Greek plays, a great many Greek orations, and a great deal else in Greek and Latin literature which it is not worth while to particularize) said to me once, "Before you begin cramming divinity, do read one more term with me and we'll go through the 'Gorgias' of Plato." Plato was not an unknown author to me, but the "Gorgias" was quite unknown. The reading of that dialogue, under the guidance of a man of real genius, thoughtfulness, and earnestness, was another (I am not sure that it was not the greatest) crisis of my intellectual life. I don't see how a young man of any enthusiasm could possibly read the last twenty pages of the "Gorgias" for the first time without feeling that somehow—somehow—he had caught a glimpse of a new world.

At this time, too, I was a great reader of Jeremy Taylor, especially of the "Holy Living," and I made the acquaintance of St. Augustine's "Confessions," which has been one of my pocket books ever since. The last of the great writers who, at this period, contributed to make a man of me was Dr. Donne. They who wish to know who Dr. Donne was must read his biography in the "Lives" of Isaac Walton ; and when they do read it, let them be duly grateful to whosoever may have first introduced them to the most exquisite biography in the English language. Be it understood, I do not expect many people will take to Dr. Donne's writings ; I can only tell them that I owe a great deal to them myself, though how I owe it and what I owe I have not space here to explain.

It will be seen from the above only too brief sketch of my

boyish studies that my mental culture did not proceed quite in the common groove that others of my generation traveled along. There were reasons for this which the world will hardly care to know; let them pass. But my mind was, I believe, one of unusually slow development, as my body was; and when I have carried my readers thus far, I must needs add that I have brought them only to the threshold of my life, to the time of my early manhood, when the world was all before me—all the doubts and perplexities, all the horror of feeling the ground under my feet going from me, all the wonder and amazement which startled me as my horizon widened; or when, in utter loneliness of spirit, the daylight was blotted out for an hour, no sun was in the heavens, and yet, as I waited, lo! from the blackness there shone out God's stars. I believe that if it had not been for Coleridge and Tennyson I should have had no eyes to see those stars. I should have cried, "They are no stars at all, only Jack o' lanterns; believe them not, my brethren!"

The time came when I began my ministerial life in a little English village. If I had not been a student during those years, and had not taken a genuine delight in my clerical work, I think I must have solaced myself with drink and "gone to the bad." It was a tiny little place with about a hundred and fifty people in it; the country was hideous; "the water was naught and the ground barren;" the roads were straight as a line and level as a billiard-table; there was not a hill within five miles of us, and if we wanted to see a stream that a boy could not jump over, we had to go another five miles to look at it. Neighbors outside the parish we had none, and we were as poor as rats. I say "we," for a real princess had stooped so low as to marry me, and we two knew no more of the world than a schoolboy and school-girl, to whom life, however, was all *couleur de rose*. We were twenty-four years old, and at this mature age I projected a great edition of the works of Doctor Donne, the princess helping me. In course of this labor I was driven to make my first acquaintance with mediæval literature; and while so employed I came across another of the great books to which I owe so much, viz., Maitland's "Essays on the Dark Ages." Reading it now, with wider knowledge and a wider horizon, I still regard this de-

lightful volume as one of the most precious books in my library, and one of the most original and suggestive books that a young man can read. It is quite *sui generis*. I am not going to criticise it or give anything like an analysis of its contents, but I never knew any one to whom I have recommended it who has not expressed himself enthusiastically grateful for the knowledge of it, or who did not regard it as one of his most precious possessions. I had always been a great reader of history. I read through Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages" religiously when it was really quite beyond me, because I used to meet Hallam now and then at dinner when I was a lad. I forget when I first heard of Prescott, but I devoured his works as most young fellows devour a new novel; but now my Donne labors drove me *pari passu* into two lines of historical study; first, into the history of the seventeenth century; and secondly, into mediævalism; and I dare say, if I had kept to that kind of thing for some years, exclusively, it might have ended in my turning out a bleary-eyed Dryasdust.

One day some being from a higher sphere brought us a new book, Ruskin's "Modern Painters," the first two volumes. That was another epoch in my life. We used to drive about the dull roads to the nearest market town in a little pony gig in those days; we always had a book with us. As surely as the pony gig came to the door, so surely did a volume of Ruskin accompany us on our travels, the princess reading all the while, and if any one could have heard our exclamations of delight and our discussions and questionings in those long drives, I think he would have thought we were as queer a pair of young folks as he had seen for many a day. We were fairly mad upon Ruskin, and we were all the better for it!

If young Americans and young Englishmen do not read Ruskin's "Modern Painters" now, they ought to read it; and if they cannot read all the volumes, let them at least read that most precious and incomparable second volume, which constitutes the third part of the work, and deals with the imaginative and theoretic faculties. What I owe to John Ruskin's writings I shall never be able to set down in black and white. The only harm that I think they ever did me was, that coming upon me, as they did for the first time, when I was deep in my mediæval



researches, they occasioned me an impatient distaste for any book written in a slip-slop style; and, whereas I formerly never cared much *how* an author told his story provided he had a story to tell, I found myself suddenly growing over-fastidious as to the manner of a writer, and I became more and more exacting as to the form, and less curious as to the matter, of a book than I had been.

There are three books which I must needs name before I quite take leave of my readers, because they have, each in its own peculiar way, had a wholly incalculable influence upon my mind, and left upon me an impression so deep and lasting that I should find it impossible to exaggerate the effect produced. One of these books was Mr. Browning's "Paracelsus;" another, John Stuart Mill's book on "Liberty;" and the third, Mr. Lowell's "Biglow Papers." If I had the space at my disposal, I could easily show that the incongruity which may appear on the surface in bracketing these three books together is not really so great as it may seem at first sight. This only I know, that with the single exception of the Bible, there is no book in any language that, during the last twenty years of my life, has been so much to me, has been so suggestive, so ever-present with me, so much quoted by me, so much "leaned upon," as the "Biglow Papers." Americans tell me that the book has almost "gone out." It may be so; but if it be so, I am at a loss to think what literary masterpiece in America can ever hope for imperishable fame.

## EIGHTH PAPER.

By JEANNETTE LEONARD GILDER.

It was a book, rather than books, that had the most influence upon my life. My taste in reading from my earliest days—as soon as I had passed the Bible-story period—was for biography, and the first book of this class that fell in my way was a life of Franklin. It was an ordinary 12mo, and the gilt lettering on the back read thus: "Life of Franklin Norton." When I picked the book up for the first time, I supposed that it was a life of some estimable Mr. Norton, named, very likely, in honor of the discoverer of electricity. Closer examination, however, showed that it was a life of the great Franklin himself, Norton being the name of the biographer; and I read it with avidity, making up my mind as I read that I would become a printer as soon as I was old enough to have anything to say about my future.

When I finished this biography I wanted "more," and my father gave me a copy of the famous Autobiography. Never was the "Arabian Nights" read with greater zest than I read this book, and when I had finished it I began and read it all over again. After a second reading I was more determined than ever to become a printer. It was not so much that I wanted to be a printer as that I wanted to be an editor, and I believed that to be an editor one had to begin at the compositor's case. It has always been a source of regret to me that I never did learn to "stick type."

Every step in Franklin's career interested me, and, not having a particularly original mind, I did not scorn to imitate him as closely as circumstances would permit. I was attending a village school at the time, but I begged my mother to take me away, because I wanted to be "self-educated," as Franklin was. She did not agree with my reasoning at all, but tried to make me see that if I was as much like Franklin as I wanted to be, I would jump at the advantages of education that she was anxious

to give me. I was not at all satisfied, but, as I could not leave school, I determined to get my self-education out of school hours. Franklin's library had consisted of "Pilgrim's Progress," "Plutarch's Lives," "Essays on Projects," and Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good;" so I looked among the books in our own library, and to my delight found "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Plutarch's Lives." The "Essays" I could not find, but, supposing all essays to be pretty much alike, I carried off with the other books from our library shelves a copy of an old edition of Pope's "Essay on Man." These books I bore away in triumph to my attic bedroom.

It was a great satisfaction to me that my bedroom was in the attic. I had never read of a self-educated man or woman who had not carried on the great work of his or her education in an attic room. The only regret I felt about my surroundings was that I had a good kerosene lamp to read by instead of a pine-knot or tallow candle. A flaming pine-knot was, to me, the proper light for self-education. When I suggested it, my mother asked me if I wanted to set the house on fire. I explained why I wanted the pine-knot, but, as in the other case, she appealed to my reason by telling me how delighted Franklin would have been with a bright kerosene lamp, with a green-paper shade, such as I was allowed to have. My attic room was all that I could have desired. It was in an old country house, and was reached by a narrow stairway of unpainted boards. There was a large open attic, with my room at the end of it. It ran the width of the house, and on the door I had screwed an enormous brass plate with the legend "I. Gilder" in Gothic letters upon it. This door-plate had been taken from my grandfather's house in Philadelphia many years before. My grandfather's name was John, but when that plate was engraved they used the letter I instead of J, and I had special affection for it on account of its antiquity.

The room itself was not unattractive. To be sure, the walls were whitewashed, and the ceiling sloped so sharply that the end windows were very low—so low that I had to sit on the floor to see out of them. Opposite the door was a large window that commanded the kitchen garden, the barn, and the orchard be—

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book that served me for "copy paper," and wrote an article on the superior educational advantages of the (then) present time as compared with those of our grandparents. I wrote with a sharp-pointed pen (we didn't have stubs in those days), and yet I made bold, black strokes, not sparing the ink. I had no blotting-paper, so I sprinkled the pages with blotting-sand from a little round perforated box that had belonged to my granduncle, who built the old homestead; and then I folded them carefully and made an envelope myself, which I sealed with red wax and stamped with an old-fashioned brass seal. What with the lavish use of ink, sand, and sealing-wax, the budget must have weighed half a pound. But I did not propose to trust this precious manuscript to the mails. I waited until after the sun had set and night was creeping on; then I sprang lightly over the back fence, where some of the rails were broken, and sped down to the town, and to the office of the sole newspaper printed in the neighborhood. After waiting until the coast was clear, I pushed the manuscript under the door and sped back over the fields, and home. When the next number of the "Register" arrived at the house I could scarcely unfold it for excitement. I scanned every column with eager eyes. On the first page were some verses and a story; on the second, a few editorial paragraphs; on the third, a column of "Scintillations" and some local items; on the fourth, a lot of clippings from agricultural exchanges. I couldn't believe my eyes. I must have gone over that paper a dozen times; and yet, as successive members of the family picked it up, I expected to hear them say, "Why, here is a most extraordinary article, quite equal to Benjamin Franklin, or the 'Letters of Junius;'" but they never did. I watched every issue of the paper for months, expecting to see my article, but it never appeared. No doubt the old colored man who opened the office of the "Register" found the precious document, and from its bulk judged it to be something of more than literary value. When he saw that it was not, he probably threw it in the fire.

I made application at the office of the "Register" for the first vacancy in the compositors' room, but as the proprietor and one man did all the work of composition, and as I was only twelve years old, my chance was not a good one. The editor

said that girls did almost everything nowadays, but he never heard of a female "printer's devil." So I renounced that ambition, and printed with my pen a little paper of my own. The circulation never amounted to more than one copy, and but one number was issued. We all know how slow the work of printing a newspaper on a hand-press is, but it is rapidity itself compared to printing with a pen. It took me hours to print my paper, though it was as small as a sheet of commercial note. I found that it was easier to follow the example of Franklin in the line of his studies than in the work of the printing-office. There was an odd volume or two of the "Spectator" in the house, and I read these essay by essay, writing out, as Franklin did, what I could remember of each. This never gave me the style of my model, but it taught me the beauty of simplicity, and to avoid any attempt at "fine writing."

At about this time a copy of Hugh Miller's "My Schools and Schoolmasters" fell in my way, and for a time I swerved in my allegiance to Franklin. I was always passionately fond of out-of-doors, and was much happier in wandering through the woods and fields than in sitting in the house; so I concluded that after all it was better to be a geologist than a printer. I got a little hammer and a small basket, and wandered for miles about the country, knocking off chips of rock and carrying them home. A shelf was added to my room for the display of my "specimens," but alas! I did not know how to classify them, and I concluded that before I became a geologist I had better learn something of geology. After all, it was Hugh Miller's fascinating book and my fondness for out-of-doors, rather than any real love of the science, that set me to breaking rocks. I soon returned to my first love, and, being fortunately able to adopt the profession of journalism, have never swerved from it from that day to this. A little sketch by Fanny Fern, called "The Story of Horace," being an account of the early struggles of Horace Greeley, added fuel to the flame, and I was more than ever determined to be a journalist if not a printer. It was my privilege to serve in a humble capacity on the "Tribune" in the days when Horace Greeley directed its course, but I never had the pleasure of meeting my famous employer face to face. There was still

researches, they occasioned me an impatient distaste for any book written in a slip-slop style; and, whereas I formerly never cared much *how* an author told his story provided he had a story to tell, I found myself suddenly growing over-fastidious as to the manner of a writer, and I became more and more exacting as to the form, and less curious as to the matter, of a book than I had been.

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## NINTH PAPER.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A MAN'S intellectual development may owe much to the happy accident of a pregnant and stimulating book assimilated at the right moment; and the special tastes of a man of letters may be the result of a bent given by an older author when the tree of life was but a twig. Yet, speaking for myself only, as every man must, I cannot now put my hand on any one book which I believe to have helped me in "the formation of character and the direction of life," to use Mr. Hale's phrase in defining the object of this series of papers, although I can name books readily enough which have guided me into paths of pleasure and of profitable study. Perhaps, after all, this is merely a verbal discussion, an unprovoked splitting of the hairs of needless definition. As Mr. Lang has told us: "In one sense, there are no books that do not help a man, and in another, it may be doubted whether any books help him at all." At one time we may find counsel in books; at another, comfort; and whenever we will, we may go to the friendly shelves for rest and refreshment and relief. If we seek wisely we are never denied: the invisible legend over the door of every library is, "Knock, and it shall be opened to you."

Almost my earliest recollections of literature cluster about the innocent volumes of "Rollo's Tour in Europe," read to me, a little child, in the early winter evenings. Now, as I look back, at times I wonder whether Rollo was not a prig, and whether the omniscient Uncle George was really as wise as he seemed to be then. The children of to-day feed on less unsophisticated food, but these simple-minded books of travel have not yet lost their charm; quite recently I have seen a little maid of ten take very kindly to "Rollo," and lose herself confidently in the record of his wanderings.

I was nearly ten myself when I was sent to boarding-school



and first made acquaintance with Mayne Reid's books. Since arriving at man's estate I have never dared to read again those tales of deadly adventure in which we boys reveled and exulted; we rode over the prairies, and we lay in ambush for the red-skins or the greasers, and we were full of strange oaths, *Caramba!* and *Carajo!* A year ago I was able even to resist a most alluring tome taken up for a moment at a bookstall in Paris, and declaring itself to be "Les Chasseurs de Chevelures," in which might vaguely be recognized "The Scalp-Hunters." Perhaps it was by comparison with the careless rapidity of "Osceola, the Seminole," that at first "Ivanhoe" proved hard reading. Barely ten years old when "Ivanhoe" was attempted, three times the seemingly interminable talk of the swineherd caused me to stick at the threshold, like the little pig under the gate. But when at last the portal was passed, and entrance was had into the enchanted palace of delight which the Wizard of the North has created by his Aladdin-lamp of midnight oil, who could resist the magic of the wonder-worker? No healthy boy ever lived who did not long to break lance in the tourney and to go forth as a knight, with *Desdichado* on his shield. After "Ivanhoe" came the rest of that noble array of novels over which "Waverley" rules by right of primogeniture only, for, as often happens, some of the younger sons were stronger and braver and better than the first-born. The stalwart urchin who liked "the fightingest parts" of the Bible had a sound taste: the easiest passages of Scott to recall at will are the tourney in "Ivanhoe," the man to man encounter in "The Talisman," and the altogether incomparable battle of the clansmen in "The Fair Maid of Perth," when the Gow Chrom fought for his own hand.

The healthy love of fighting which we have come by honestly from our Norse ancestors has done not a little for the success of Mr. Haggard's somewhat sanguinary tales. And perhaps the popularity of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" was helped by that never-to-be-forgotten fight between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams. Read while still at boarding school, Mr. Hughes's book excited in me, as it has done, no doubt, in many another boy with literary ambitions, the longing to write a story of life in an American school—a longing still unsatisfied. It is curious

that three of the best and most boyish boys in fiction should be Toms—Tom Brown, Tom Bailey, and Tom Sawyer.

At fourteen I went for a year and more to Europe, where I picked up Robert-Houdin's "*Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur*." Whether I read it first in English or in French I don't know, but I do know that I have read it half a dozen times with unailing pleasure. It is one of the best of autobiographies—and Longfellow has suggested that autobiography is what biography ought to be. Robert-Houdin's life of himself is an enchanting book; it reveals to us a simple, manly character, strong in struggling poverty and unspoiled in success. Robert-Houdin had an extraordinary acuteness, a keen dramatic insight, and an abundant histrionic facility. In his "*Confidences*" he tells us most modestly how he came to make over modern magic, modifying the art from top to bottom, inventing new principles and striving for new ideals. Already I had a taste for what is called conjuring—a mean name for the wonderful feats now performed by Robert-Houdin's disciples; and this taste was intensified by the reading of his book, which set me to educating my eye and training my hand, and to studying the most modern means of working miracles. To Robert-Houdin I feel I owe a double debt; first, for the great satisfaction I have had in such slight skill as I acquired in his art; and secondly, for such an insight into its underlying principles as to keep me clear of all danger from the evanescent delusions which follow one another in fashion—table-turning, thought-reading, spiritualism, and what not.

When I returned to New York, I went up to Columbia College after a scant year of special preparation, taking with me an inadequate supply of Latin and Greek. To my ceaseless regret, that thorough grounding in the classics which may make a man a scholar was never mine. The battles and the marches of Xenophon and Cæsar were tasks to be toiled over, not struggles to be enjoyed; and to this day even the "*Iliad*" is but a school-book. Although this insufficiency of Latin and Greek held me back when I was in college, yet I enjoyed Horace, the most modern poet of antiquity; and I felt the force of the beautiful melodrama of Euripides. The technical skill of the Greek dramatists was obvious, even though my grip on their language

was not firm enough for me to grasp the poetry; and I could admire the grand effect of the simplicity imposed on the poet by the physical conditions of the Greek theater, and by him seized adroitly and made to serve as an advantage. Despite the difficulties of his Greek I delighted in the contagious gayety and exuberant humor of Aristophanes, whom Mr. Arthur Pendennis, at a like stage of his development, "vowed to be the greatest poet of all." Aristophanes teaches that burlesque is a form of art, and that it may be a vehicle for the highest lyric poetry. The reading of "The Clouds" and "The Knights" strengthened in me a fondness for local comedy, for a comedy which seizes and fixes the features of its time as well as of all time.

Horace and Aristophanes are fitting ushers for Molière, who is the greatest of all writers of comedy, holding his own by the side of Shakespeare even. For the dramatist of to-day Molière is a sounder exemplar than Shakespeare, as the theater of our time has broken away from the traditions of Shakespeare, while it has been developed along the line which Molière traced. Before they can be acted now, Shakespeare's plays require rearranging to an extent not suspected by those who have not compared the latest acting edition with the author's text; but Molière's comedies call only for a cut or two here and there, and not always even for this. No doubt Shakespeare was as adroit in stage-craft as any man of his age; but the best stage-craft of his age is now outworn. Between the age of Elizabeth and that of Louis XIV. the technicalities of playmaking—technicalities which are of vital import when the conditions of the theater are considered—were improved rapidly, and with Molière's help stage-craft was so far elaborated that the "Précieuses Ridicules" and "Tartufe" may still serve as models for the comic dramatist, whereas the comedy of Shakespeare is a most unsafe guide for the poet of the present who wishes to see his plays performed.

When I was a sophomore at Columbia College my father asked my old friend, Professor Drisler, to draw up for my use a list of books. My lasting gratitude is due to Dr. Drisler that he did not lay out a regular course of reading for me, a boy of unstable tastes and wavering investigations. Probably I should have neglected the course; as it was, I read most of the little group

of books he proposed—suggestive and stimulant, all of them. As these led me at once to others akin to them, I am not now certain whether or not Mr. Lowell's essays and Mr. Matthew Arnold's were both included, but I know that I began to read them both at this time, and that they opened my eyes to the meaning of literature and to the possibilities of criticism. The pictorial sharpness of Mr. Lowell's style and his aggressive Americanism had most influence, and the gentle suavity of Mr. Arnold was valuable chiefly as a corrective. Both critics might have taken for a motto that scrap of an opera-buffa which Stendhal adopted—*vengo di cosmopoli*—for each is cosmopolitan in the truest sense, being at home even in his own country. Mr. Lowell would surely exempt Mr. Arnold if he were to repeat now his assertion that "British criticism has always been more or less parochial;" and Mr. Arnold would recognize in Mr. Lowell one of those who, by some subtle alchemy of their own, have managed to mingle the finest aroma of culture with a full flavor of their native soil. From Mr. Lowell and Mr. Arnold to Sainte-Beuve was an easy step and so, perhaps, can a student of letters best be brought under the influence of the three most truly national and yet most cosmopolitan critics of the second half of the nineteenth century.

Among the volumes in Dr. Drisler's list was Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature," and to this I owe a first appreciation of the principles of dramatic art; yet it is not a treatise to be urged on the attention of readers at this late day. In a man's life, as in the history of the world, certain writings may be of inestimable service and yet are not to be recommended any more now that they have done their work. They have been succeeded by other writings which they made possible. Though they form the corner-stone of the first pier of the bridge of progress, the foot-path for passengers hangs now so high above them that there is no need to climb down to the water's edge just to see how they look. Schlegel's lectures have gone the way of all polemic literature. In the main they were an attack on the false theories of the French classicists—theories which obtained in his day and which are almost forgotten in ours. Schlegel made an assault and won the fight, and those who defended the pseudo-classicism of the French drama are dead, and the weapons Schlegel used against

them are as out of date as the theories he combated. Controversial literature is the most perishable of commodities, and Schlegel, unlike Burke, had not genius enough to give permanent value to transitory polemics.

From Schlegel I went to Lessing, who was both keener in insight and essentially richer in genius. He took a far more practical view of plays and players than Schlegel, and his *obiter dicta* on the drama and on the art of acting may still be studied with profit. One day, in talking over the germinant books about the stage with M. Francisque Sarcey, Lessing's name came up, and that most acute analyst of the acted drama bore witness promptly to the abiding value of Lessing's criticism, and said that he was delighted whenever he found himself in accord with the author of the "Dramaturgie."

The liking for Lessing, the love for Molière, and the enjoyment of Aristophanes may show that the trend of my interest was toward the drama. "I could wish that my whole life long were the first night of a new play," says Farquhar's Young Mirabel, and I might almost echo his wish. For a young man with a theatrical bent, Sheridan has a potent fascination. The apparent ease of his wit, its indisputable brilliancy, the variety and movement of his comedies, may for a while blind one to the hardness and thinness of much of his writing. But he is almost the last of the English comic dramatists. When the English novel received its great extension at the hands of Scott, English comedy lay a-dying, though there seems now a chance that it may revive. The influence under which it will be born again is rather that of the later French drama than that of Sheridan, whose comedies may be called the final expression of the traditions of the Restoration drama. The model of modern comedy is to be sought in M. Augier, who descends from Beaumarchais and Molière—a more wholesome artistic ancestry than Sheridan's.

It is fortunate for the future of comedy in Great Britain and in the United States that it is to be influenced by M. Augier, M. Dumas *fils*, and M. Sardou, for there are very few plays in the long line of English comedy equal to the best productions of these three contemporary French dramatists. Since "The School for Scandal" and the "Mariage de Figaro" there are no better come-

dies than the "Gendre de M. Poirier," of MM. Augier and Sandeau, and the "Demi-Monde" of M. Dumas *filz*. In mere ingenuity of stage-craft M. Sardou and M. Dumas are superior to M. Augier. M. Sardou is startlingly clever, and most fertile in effective tricks. M. Dumas has a more masterly simplicity and a more incisive wit. M. Sardou gives his best thought to the situations, to the plot, and when he knows what his people do and how they act, his work is done. M. Dumas is interested rather in what he can make them say, and in how he can so twist them about that they may seem to prove some moral thesis he has at heart. Apparently M. Augier has no sermon to preach, and he disdains mere cleverness for its own sake. Like Shakespeare and like Molière—although at whatsoever interval you please—M. Augier is interested chiefly in his characters for what they are, not for what he can make them say or do. He is not lacking in cleverness or in wit or in moral themes, but he thinks of higher things. M. Augier, M. Dumas, and M. Sardou, each in his kind and degree, are most useful to the 'prentice playwright. They are all practical dramatists, and yet in their best pieces we see what is infrequent nowadays on the English-speaking stage, the union of literature and the playmaking faculty. Except an occasional lapse, like M. Sardou's "Divorçons," no one of the three chief French dramatists of to-day yields to the belief which sometimes seems current in Paris now, that as brevity is the soul of wit, so breadth is the body of humor.

The connection may be remote, but I find myself involuntarily linking Poe's name with Sheridan's. On the young both make a powerful impression, which they cannot always repeat or maintain as one grows older. Reference is not intended here to what Mr. James has called Poe's "very valueless verses," but to his prose, of which the stirring effect is indisputable. Only the other day there appeared in the "Journal" of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt a record of the impressions made on those sensitive brothers when they first read Poe's tales, which they call "a new literature, the literature of the twentieth century, scientifically miraculous story-telling by A + B, a literature at once monomaniac and mathematical, Zadig as district-attorney, Cyrano de Bergerac as a pupil of Arago's." It is queer that Poe holds a high

place in France, where Hawthorne is almost unknown ; perhaps it is the strange union of precision and imagination which has struck the French, who were not attracted by the more ethical basis of Hawthorne's stories. But to an American, as he waxes in years, Poe is not as satisfying as he was in youth, while the charm of Hawthorne is unfading forever. Far be it from me to deny, however, or even to begrudge Poe an acknowledgment of the singular fascination his prose has exerted over me, or of the enduring influence it has had over my own ideals of fiction.

Perhaps these ideals of fiction were fashioned more in his own image by Thackeray. The "History of Pendennis"—more voracious than many a history of more pretension—is at once the delight and the despair of all young men who seek to lead the literary life. Indeed, one may often wonder how many men there are now getting on in years, who have taken to literature as the honest trade whereby they were to get their bread, after a youthful reading of those wonderful chapters which tell the entrancing tale of Pen's spending an evening in writing "The Church Porch" up to a plate in an annual, and which set forth the starting of the "Pall Mall Gazette," written by gentlemen for gentlemen. And who is there to say that "Pendennis" is better or more beautiful or more captivating than "Henry Esmond" or "Vanity Fair" or "The Virginians." When I recall certain pages of those books and of their fellows, "The Newcomes," and the incomparable "Barry Lyndon," I am ready to break out into dithyrambic rhapsodies of enthusiasm, and I know I had best be silent. The dithyrambic rhapsodist is not a fashionable critic, just now.

Down on Professor Drisler's list was also "The Book Hunter" of the late John Hill Burton—a most dangerous work, it seems to me now, certain to scatter the contagion of bibliomania wherever it may penetrate. I do not see how a man may read it and not begin loving books as he should love his fellow-man. To the perusal of Dr. Burton's pages—in the original edition, printed on a tawny paper most unpleasantly ribbed, a wrong to the eyes of every reader—I lay my own liking for books as books, for books, wholly independent of their contents, for books as works of art and as objects of curiosity. From "The Book Hunter" I

learned to book-hunt myself, to pick a shabby tome from off a dusty stall where

“ Five compeers in flank  
 Stood left and right of it, as tempting more—  
 A dog's eared Spicilegium, the fond tale  
 O' the Frail One of the Flower, by young Dumas,  
 Vulgarized Horace for the use of schools,  
 The Life, Death, Miracles of Saint Somebody,  
 Saint Somebody Else, his Miracles, Death, and Life.”

From “The Book Hunter” I learnt a reverence for a book, a respect for it as the shrine of wisdom, a regard for it as a thing of beauty in itself. So possessed am I now by this feeling that I find Imogen were fitly punished for ill-treating the book she had been reading while Iachimo was hidden in the chest: she bade her woman, Helen, “fold down the leaf where she had left.” To fold down the leaf of a book is to torture a poor dumb friend which cannot protest in self-defense, and for this crime of lèse-literature and for other reasons known to the dramatist, Imogen suffered not a little.

Says Hawthorne, in the “Mosses from an Old Manse:”

“Lightly as I have spoken of these old books, there yet lingers with me a superstitious reverence for literature of all kinds. A bound volume has a charm in my eyes similar to that scraps of manuscript possess for the good Mussulman. He imagines that those wind-wafted records are perhaps hallowed by some sacred verse; and I, that every new book or antique one may contain the ‘Open, Sesame!’—the spell to disclose treasures hidden in some unsuspected cave of truth.”



## TENTH PAPER.

By THOMAS HILL.

It is evident that the value of a man's testimony to a book depends upon a variety of circumstances. The witness's mental and moral peculiarities, the circumstances of his early life, his opportunities for acquaintance with other books than the ones which he praises: these and other conditions must be known before we can judge whether a book which has been a help to him may be of like advantage to others. In order that the articles of this series may have a real value for any reader, it seems to me, therefore, necessary that the writers should give us a frank autobiography, so far as to enable us to estimate their testimony.

My mother died when I was but little over six years old, and my father when I was ten. At the age of twelve I was placed as an apprentice in a newspaper office, and my brothers and sisters moved out of town. The care which my master and his family bestowed on me was far inferior to that of my parents. My father was an Englishman, of scanty education; my mother an Englishwoman, who had had better opportunities for learning. But my father was exceedingly interested in books, particularly in those bearing upon the natural sciences, politics, and theology; and he had two or three hundred in his own house. He was also a shareholder in a circulating library of several hundred volumes. For myself, I was fiery-tempered, dreamy, yet inquisitive concerning natural objects; but excessively lazy, as far as any steady application was required. Although my schooling did not begin until I was nine years old, and ended before I was twelve, I had been taught to read by my sisters at a very early period, and was allowed to spend more time over books than was good for me. My delight, at that period, was in Mary Wollstonecraft's "Elements of Morality;" in an imitation of "Robinson Crusoe," called "Philip Quarle;" in Thomas Day's "Sandford and Merton," and in the simpler

tales of Miss Edgeworth. I still have a volume of "Evenings at Home," given to me in May, 1824, of which I remember having been very fond. Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose" was another favorite in those early days.

But I also had tastes which may seem precocious for a child of those years, for I read every note and anecdote scattered through Erasmus Darwin's works, repeatedly; besides diving continually into the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," and into Franklin's works, to see whether I could not find paragraphs there within my comprehension. It is, of course, impossible to decide how much of my propensity to dabble in science came from inherited traits, but I have always felt that it arose, very largely, from the influence of Erasmus Darwin and Benjamin Franklin, exercised before I was twelve years old. Among Miss Edgeworth's writings there were three especial favorites. Simple Susan gave me a sympathetic delight by her victory over the cunning attorney. Forester was my hero, who did me about as much harm as good, since I felt toward him as Miss Elizabeth Sneyd did toward Thomas Day, admiring him in his rough state more than after he had been polished. But the fascination of "To-Morrow" was in the severity of its rebuke to my own conscience. My indolence and dreaminess had made procrastination my besetting sin. The power of Miss Edgeworth's tale was enhanced to my conscience by its abrupt termination; my imagination suggested that Basil's fatal habit might have become unconquerable, and led him into more and more awful misfortunes. I cannot question the reality of the powerful aid which "To-Morrow" has given me in my lifelong struggle with the fault.

I remained at the printing-office three years and more, reading very little except the newspapers with which we exchanged; and I drifted out of the better state of mind which my home culture had produced, into a very unsatisfactory condition, upon which I can look back only with profound regret. Then, leaving the office, I went to school for about a year; and toward the close of that second period of schooling, the greatest influence which I can distinctly attribute to books was exerted upon me. Miss Edgeworth's "Helen" was published, and from my familiarity with her other writings I was led at once eagerly to read

this also. During my apprenticeship in the newspaper office I had acquired the habit of retailing, in the summer evenings, to an admiring crowd of boys, whatever stories I had found in the newspapers, turning them all, however, into the form of narrative in the first person, and altering and embellishing them to suit my own fancy. The habit may have been beneficial to me in some respects, but it had the terrible effect of making me careless with regard to truth; and "Helen" became as powerful an influence for good to me as "To-Morrow" had been. About the same time Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" was placed in my hands. I suppose that certain intellectual books aided the effect of these moral and religious influences. I remember the distinct consciousness of expansion, of a growth in intellectual power, arising from my grappling with Playfair's "Euclid" and Bonnycastle's "Algebra." I took to more serious study, and being placed as an apprentice in a druggist and apothecary's shop, employed my evenings, my early mornings, and whatever vacant time I could catch during the day, in more solid reading. Joseph Priestley's theological works, and his philosophical discussions of Necessity; Locke's "Essay," and his "Conduct of the Human Understanding;" and the first volume of sermons by Orville Dewey, were among the most valuable books which I then read. John Bunyan and John Milton, of course, did not escape me; but I must confess that the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Paradise Lost" interested me far less than the "Holy War" and "Paradise Regained." These latter books I have read again and again with great delight and great profit, while the more famous volumes I have never been able to finish. During the three and a half years that I remained with the apothecary, Lewis C. Beck's "Manual of Botany" was a great help in cultivating my habits of observation. I also gained from Wood and Bache's "Dispensatory" a vast deal more than a mere practical knowledge of drugs.

At the age of twenty I determined to leave the apothecary's shop and devote myself to theological study. At that time I was a very confident materialist and sensationist in philosophy, holding to Priestley's views, very slightly influenced by my reading of Locke. The first study to which I now betook my-

self was the Latin language, and the mere fact of beginning to study a dead language awakened in me a train of thoughts and inquiries that had never been suggested in the reading of any English works. Sallust's "Catiline" and Jacobs's "Greek Reader" stirred me up to more earnest thinking in one year than I had ever dreamed of. I entered college, took the four years there, and two years in the divinity school. I cannot remember that in this course of professed study for seven years there was any one book which produced a marked effect upon my mind. But the general awakening of thought in various directions had lifted me, even before I entered college, out of my old philosophy. The moment that I began to grapple with philosophical questions in earnest I saw that my extreme confidence in my old views had been altogether unwarranted. I went back to my own original thought, which I distinctly remember having worked out in my eleventh year, without hint or suggestion from any quarter, but which had been overlaid by my subsequent reading of more empirical books. In that first schooling I had begun "Euclid." I had asked myself, "What is meant by proving?" Lying on my back, barefooted, on a hot summer afternoon, I had thought out, in my own way, a system of logic based upon the assumption that certain truths are self-evident—seen by direct vision. The relation of two such truths to each other is, in some cases, itself a self-evident truth. I did not, like Aristotle, perceive that this self-evident relation of truth to truth might always be considered as either exclusion or inclusion; but I did see that reasoning consists in connecting the conclusion to be proved, with self-evident premises, by a series of self-evident steps. And now, ten years afterward, I saw that every process of reasoning is thus a refutation of the empirical philosophy which I had incautiously, and I might say unconsciously, adopted. For this self-evidence in the relation of one truth to another is certainly not a thing perceived by sense, nor a thing of generalization from sensation, but a matter of direct intuition. The enlargement of my mind by the mere general exercise of classical study had thus lifted me out of that narrow and cramped mode of thought into which my love of the sciences of observation had led me.

At a very early period I became interested in works on teleology and morphology. Paley's "Natural Theology" and the "Bridgewater Treatises" were my delight, but I took especial satisfaction in Babbage's so-called "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise." I do not know that any one book has more powerfully affected my whole mode of thought. I read, while an undergraduate, Auguste Comte's ponderous volumes of the "Cours de Philosophie Positive," but I am not aware that they produced any other effect than to convince me more thoroughly that Babbage was right, and Comte wrong, in their methods of interpreting the order of physical nature. Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences" and his philosophy of the same, and Galileo's "Dialogues on Motion," Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," and some of Sir Isaac Newton's writings, I also look back to as having had a large influence. I studied Mill's "Logic" with great care upon its first publication; and although I felt that I had then risen to a much sounder philosophy than his, yet he gave me powerful aid in the development of intellectual power. I also wrestled, at about the same time, with political economy, studying every book within my reach that treated of its problems, and giving more time and thought to the questions than I ever gave to any other subject not directly connected with my profession. No other economist of the last generation seemed to me to equal Henry C. Carey in the wide sweep of his outlook and in the great brilliancy of his generalizations. The effect of my turning from other writers, over whom I had labored for years, and taking up Carey for the first time, was like that of my turning, after long labor upon Lacroix's "Integral Calculus," in quarto, to Peirce's duodecimo pages; or like seeing the day break, one morning, when I had been walking eight miles over rough, frozen mud, under a moonless, cloudy sky.

The work begun in me by Babbage was pushed forward far more rapidly by Agassiz's introduction to his "Essay on Classification," and by Peirce's volume upon "Analytical Mechanics." These led me first to see clearly how much stronger the morphological argument is than the teleological. It has recently been said that Charles Darwin's theories have given the death-blow to

teleology ; yet I never have found that the influence of Erasmus Darwin, powerful as it had been over me, affected in the least my perception of either the teleological or morphological argument, which I had not, in my earlier days, clearly distinguished from each other. The writers who speak thus of the downfall of teleology usually show, as it appears to me, an entire misapprehension of the force of the argument. Thus John Addington Symonds, in a recent article in the "Fortnightly Review," apparently implies that teleology supposes a sudden creation of adult forms. It seems to be taken for granted by many writers that teleology implies the total separation of God from the world, like the separation of a machinist from the machine which he has built ; and they are fond of repeating Goethe's question concerning such an imagined God. This, I need not say, is an entire misconception of the argument both of teleology and of morphology, which do not deal at all with the question of intermediate agencies or immediate effects, but only with the connection of ultimate cause to final result.

It has been said that it is as difficult to find a good observer of external nature as to find a man capable of reasoning soundly from the facts observed. In like manner, it is as difficult to find a man who comprehends and interprets fairly a statement made in human language as it is to find a man capable of seeing the truth and stating it clearly. A wise octogenarian, speaking of religious disputations, said to me recently : " We are all trying to say the same thing, but each misunderstands the other's utterance." Not only have these ordinary works on natural theology been constantly misinterpreted, by those who read them in a different temper of mind from that of the writers, but more poetical utterances on similar subjects have been equally misunderstood. Upon the first publication of Emerson's " Nature " I looked into it, and dismissed it from my thought as not worth the trouble of reading. A very few years afterward, namely, in the spring of 1846, I took it up again and read it with great delight. In less than twelve months I had read the whole book through, aloud, five separate times, from cover to cover, and favorite passages in it much more frequently. I felt in profound accord with every line of it. Soon afterward, however, meeting

two men whom I knew to be great admirers of Emerson, and falling into conversation with them about the book, I discovered, to my astonishment, that both of them had interpreted some of the most poetical passages in a barrenly prosaic manner, and were ready to insist upon it that their interpretation gave Emerson's true meaning. The coldness of their imagination had frozen his flowing rhetoric into rigid dogma, and they had supposed that the Concord seer (who, upon his own confession, never attempted to make two consecutive sentences consistent with each other, and who was absolutely incapable of feeling the force of an argument) had written a philosophical treatise of logically connected doctrine. I returned to "Nature," and read it again and again, with renewed assurance that, prosaic as my own tone of thought might be, I was in fuller sympathy with Emerson's prose-poetry than either of these two poetic admirers of him. I have been delighted to find Longfellow's views of Emerson, recorded in his journal January 29th, 1849, so exactly similar to mine: "The truth he was to reveal—it is Nature, nothing more;" no intellectual theory concerning her or her processes, but a simple repeating of her messages to the human heart.

It was once my good-fortune to camp out on a mountain-top with a friend, who has since acquired a high name among astronomers. As we lay listening to the rain pattering on our canvas tent, and discussing many a theme not related to the stars, we found ourselves continually quoting from Emerson's first volume of poems. If the memory of either of us flagged, the other finished out the quotation; so that between us we had recited nearly the whole of the volume before we went to sleep.

From earliest childhood I was familiar with passages from Shakespeare, and I began quite early in life to enjoy reading his plays for myself. The sonnets have never interested me, and his other poems are disagreeable to me. But I was never weary in my youth of the "Tempest," "Cymbeline," "Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth;" and I could easily name half a dozen more of his plays which have since become as great favorites with me as those were fifty years ago.

Fifty years ago! The phrase startles me, by revealing the

magnitude of the task which I have undertaken in this rambling essay. The books which help a man most are those which he reads in his childhood; for not only are early impressions lasting, but they modify the new ones. Had I not, in 1824, read "Eyes and no Eyes" in my "Evenings at Home," I should not, in 1835, have taken up Beck's "Botany" with such zeal as to carry me, morning after morning, at daybreak, even in June, to search for wild flowers, carrying in my pocket a card sun-dial, made by myself from directions in Rees's "Cyclopaedia," to insure getting back to my apothecary shop in time to open and sweep it. Sixty-three years, even the fifty-two, is a long period to sweep with the comet-seeker of recollection, examining the nebulous spots of memory, and endeavoring to decide which are important and which unimportant in their testimony concerning the value of particular books.

In my case, the difficulty is enhanced by the fact that in those early days, from the age of seven to the age of twenty, I was an omnivorous devourer of every kind of book which was within my comprehension. For example, it was my custom, from October, 1834, to May, 1838, to rise on Sundays an hour earlier, and go to bed an hour later, than usual. This long Sunday, with the exception of going to church and taking an afternoon walk, was almost entirely devoted to reading. I cannot doubt that this reading affected largely my whole subsequent tone of thought; and yet, after the lapse of fifty years, it is very difficult to judge correctly of the comparative value of the scores of volumes which I thus devoured. When I began a course of study I had both less time and less inclination to read.

The distinction which I here make between study and reading is somewhat artificial. I do not consider that any book ever had much effect upon me unless I had read it several times and thought it over; so that all effective reading has been with me somewhat of the nature of study; but in what is technically called study the student does not usually read the book as a whole, and then re-read it; he takes a few pages at a time, and re-reads them perhaps again and again. Both methods have their advantages; but I will confess that I think that, for ordinary minds and on ordinary subjects, the first way is best. That



is to say, I feel that those books have really helped me most which I have read through rapidly, and then re-read more slowly, and, thirdly, read in selected portions, such as I judged the more important. Of fiction, beyond Miss Edgeworth, two or three of Scott's and two or three of Dickens's novels, I have read very little; it is too fascinating for me, and tires me by its fascination. I find, in reading fiction, as in other things, that total abstinence is much easier than temperance, and in the matter of reading novels I am indolent enough to be a teetotaler instead of being temperate. With regard to poetry and the drama it is different: I enjoy them, but can easily stop when I have read enough; and in these departments I am temperate, but not abstinent.

The books which have helped me most, and which I believe would be most valuable to any reader, are those which are very clear and intelligible in their style, but which, nevertheless, from their largeness and breadth of view and from their range of thought, lying somewhat above the commonplace, demand close attention and patient study in the reader. The book is none the worse, but rather the better, if it has come down to us, with a high reputation, for Campbell's period of sixty years, or even for many times sixty. Read such a book through once, in order to get a general view of the aim and the method of its author. Read it a second time more carefully, in order deliberately to weigh the value of its parts. Read the more valuable parts a third time, with meditation and reflection, that you may digest and assimilate what nutriment is there. Intellectually, man is ruminant, and he gets little permanent benefit from literary browsing unless he thus afterward chews the cud.

## ELEVENTH PAPER.

By MONCURE D. CONWAY.

"WHAT gained we, little moth?" Carlyle's question, in his one poem, to the moth consumed in the candle beside Goethe's page, recurs as I remember the books that gave me light. For they were flames also: in them I have burned some things once worshiped, and worshiped some once burned. But it is best to be optimistic concerning the inevitable. Every tint faded from an old heaven goes, perhaps, to adorn the new earth. If the inevitable egotism of the "confidences" be overlooked, I shall not complain of any who transfer my assumed profits to the opposite column.

In boyhood I had access to two libraries, one of law, the other of theology; in each I found a helpful book. One was "The Pilgrim's Progress." In later years I have thought it a poetic circumstance that those visions first visited the cell of a prison, their charm being largely due to the dismalness of our early dogmatic dungeons. But perhaps this should be put in the past. A few years ago I witnessed, in a London suburb, a stage performance of "The Pilgrim's Progress," by George Macdonald and his family. The audience consisted mainly of young people from the surrounding churches, interested in Macdonald's religious romances, but they were unable to restrain laughter at Christiana's lamentations about her soul, or their contempt for Christian when he abandoned his family to the City of Destruction. It occurred to me that the newer generation has, happily, known too little of the catechetical cavern in which their fathers were affectionately prisoned, to realize the splendor of Bunyan's many-colored torch for imaginations which but for it had been eyeless. I had got hold of "Don Quixote," and was scandalized that the noblest enthusiasms should be mocked; from that cynical Slough the Pilgrim rescued me. No doubt it was to combat windmill Apollyons for a

time, but gradually the holy war was humanized, and the Beautiful City gained foundations.

This spiritual liberation from the biblical letter, gained from Bunyan, was intellectually sustained by a beloved law-book, Beck's "Medical Jurisprudence." There I found the stuff that dreams are made of dealt with in a scientific spirit, and with exactness. At first interested chiefly in its curiosities of mental and optical delusion, I gradually gained some rules for discrimination, and, in a crude way, enlarged my conception of nature to include the extensive ghost-lore and demonology of our part of Virginia. I remember particularly a poor fellow entreating our venerable Methodist preacher, the Rev. Joseph White, to cast out his devil, and that I felt able to explain, on fairly neurological principles, both the possession and the successful exorcism.

While groping, at fifteen, amid these empirical studies, "Jane Eyre" drew me from deep to deep. The passion of that book, at once burning and purifying, was not then for me, nor was the ethical question it raised; but the miracle it wrought was for me. I was as if guided to a mystical realm canopied by a strange firmament, whose meteors and comets, however weird, I understood and beheld without fear. The fulfilled dreams and presentiments, the cry of lovers, heard and answered across long leagues, the vampire wife, were provided for in nature's new apparatus disclosed in my law-book. Then came "Oliver Twist." Such was my enthusiasm for Dickens, that when he visited Fredericksburg I sacrificed my reputation as an obedient pupil by jumping from our schoolroom window in order to get a glimpse of my hero on the stage-coach; my flogging was envied by some of my school-fellows when they heard I had seen the great man. Of all his works "Oliver Twist" moved me most deeply. An inland boy's first glimpse of the sea and its sails is a Copernican discovery; his homestead or village shrinks to an atom; but even more vast seemed that sea of humanity called London, and small indeed our remote affairs compared with the populations to which we were introduced by our magician. This man, graduated from Grub Street to Belgravia, awakened the sentiment of humanity. From him, too, I learned how much the pen may achieve. We heard good stories

of panics in Dotheboys Halls and Bumbledom under these scathing exposures; and could well believe them, for even our old stage-road began to mend after its caricature in the "American Notes." "The Story of a Feather," by Douglas Jerrold, also made a profound impression on me, with its contrasted pictures of wealth and poverty which left the heart longing to help.

Despite the humor playing on the surface of these dramatizations of human misery they had an undertone of despair. In those days one voice was, indeed, heard which awakened hope—that of Carlyle; but it broke into discords. Carlyle promised the world a millennium if it would return on its orbit, and henceforth move in a reverse direction. The world answered with laughter and tears; but some of us in Virginia received the pamphlet on "The Nigger Question" as a prophecy. My skepticism concerning slavery was suppressed, and when the right master came he found me brooding over Old World oppressions. From a casual English review, one single sentence, quoted from Emerson, spoke to me as never man had spoken. My world was changed. The spell of romancers which carried me to a world over the sea was broken. My own place and time were sufficient. I met Oliver Twist in the haggard little Virginian. More slowly the discovery was reached that my new soul was in discord with hereditary dogmas. This was in part due to nineteenth-year crudeness, but perhaps more to the teacher's subtle influence, which forbade discipleship, and idealized for each that thing he was doing. The generation to which Emerson was a special Providence as subject to an illusion like that of the rustic damsels to whom the young god Krishna came in disguise; in their dances each supposed she had him for a partner. But the dancers could not remain the same. For myself, hitherto, Apollyon had combined steadily with the villains of fiction; now he immigrated, and took shape of the one evil in Virginia I could clearly see—popular ignorance. So I laid aside law studies, and addressed a pamphlet (my first considerable production) to the Virginia Constitutional Convention (1850-'51), on "Free Schools in Virginia." Then I became an itinerant Methodist, and studied Emerson while riding from one to another of my ten congregations. I also read Carlyle in my horseback study,

and gathered treasures from his "Essays," "Heroes," and his two volumes of "German Romance," which last Carlyle once took from the English custom-house and restored to me, as I was lamenting the loss of such old friends.

But neither from Emerson's sunshine nor Carlyle's flame did I discover that I was out of my place. The still, small voice which asked, "What dost thou here?" came from a volume entitled "Conversations on Religious Subjects between a Father and his two Sons," by Samuel Janney, a Hicksite Quaker of Virginia. This unpretending little book weighed the doctrines I had undertaken to teach in balances of common-sense and the moral sentiment. For the martyrdom of my "new departure" courage was strengthened by Carlyle's "Life of Sterling." Inward misgivings, the afterglow of orthodoxy, were relieved by the pious glamour thrown on the new horizon by Francis Newman's work, "The Soul; her Sorrows and her Aspirations." I say glamour, assured now that the "unworldliness" therein commended survives from supernaturalism; but Newman's definition of the spiritual nature as feminine was a mother-thought. The sectarian City called Beautiful was fairly replaced by the society of fine spirits described in the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller"—utopia fulfilled by Concord. Although Apollyon was now fossilized, Horace Greeley's "Hints toward Reforms" showed the old dragons slipped into new skins, awaiting the spear. My pilgrimage, at times dark and lonely, was cheered by the happy songs of Longfellow; and when I reached my Beulah, Concord, I found a fellow-pilgrim, Arthur Clough, whose song was that of the nightingale. From the "Dial" I gathered the history of the intellectual movement into which I was drawn. Emerson lent me Wilkins's "Bhagavat Geeta"—"to be read on my knees"—and the Persian "Desátir." These were revelations, like peaks and lakes of regions unknown to my spiritual geography. I afterwards gathered, in those regions, the fruits and flowers in my "Sacred Anthology." Among those eastern books I for the first time really discovered the Bible, hitherto thrust too close to my eyes to be legible, and, in my new-found freedom, thrust away; but other scriptures of corresponding date supplied right perspective, through vulgar

superscriptions of literalism illuminations of the palimpsest shone out.

When I first met Thoreau, at Concord, he asked what we studied at Divinity College; when I answered, "the Scriptures," he inquired, "Which?" In Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimac rivers," and "Walden," I presently recognized parts of the western Vedas, whose opening hymn was Emerson's first work, "Nature." This pantheistic "nature" was beautiful enough while Prospero and his Ariel were summoning the masque. My long-bandaged eyes could not yet look fearlessly out on the world of men and women. My twenty-first summer was passed in a pleasant hermitage near Concord, with the visions and visionaries of religious romances; *e. g.*, Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," and Stirling's "Onyx Ring." These books helped me; their characters were types and shadows dramatizing my new surmises, and Froude's story was a warning that if dragon had vanished serpent remained. Then I came in contact with the robust genius of Robert Browning. His sensuous carnations glorified my wilderness; amid them moved actual man and woman, naked and not ashamed. The pale, bloodless figures of my Oxonian romances were dismissed; in their place moved Pippa, Colombe, Valence, Mildred, the gypsy duchess. Henceforth my reading was somewhat less religious. I found delight in Montaigne, in Boccaccio, in Shakespeare. Bacon's "Essays" I found suggestive; but his cynical views of woman and love were chilling. Strange that any can imagine the hand which wrote Bacon's eighth and tenth essays creating the Shakespearean women, and portraying the love of Juliet! In Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" I found a corrective of tendencies to hasty generalization, an instruction in the importance of details, and recognition of the special tasks of scholarship—to revise popular judgments, to probe institutions, to question conventionalized figures. Landor's felicities flash without effort, as in sentences Melancthon is supposed to say to Calvin: "If we bow before the distant image of good, while there exists within our reach one solitary object of substantial sorrow, which sorrow our efforts can remove, we are guilty (I pronounce it) of idolatry; we pre-

fer the intangible effigy to the living form." "Our reformer knock off the head from Jupiter; thunderbolt and scepter stand." Landor's exquisite English was even surpassed by Thackeray, whose lectures, which I both heard and read, appeared models in their way. But my chief debt to Thackeray is for "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians;" for their charm, and also for the color of romance shed on the region in which I was born. Hawthorne became to me what Walter Scott was to my elders, Wizard of the North. As allegorist he appeared the Bunyan of our new age. It was the sufficient *raison d'être* of Brook Farm to produce "The Blithedale Romance." I could almost pardon the prickly puritanism which flowered in "The Scarlet Letter." Lord Bacon's method of interpreting "mythological fables" seemed mechanical compared with the reappearance of Cain's mark in the Scarlet Letter; and still more, perhaps, with the artistic transformation of Eve, the serpent, and the hereditary Fall, by our inspired physician in his "Elsie Venner." Beside these was Sylvester Judd's "Margaret." The Yankee girl, whose little brain was a confused mixture of the Shorter Catechism and Tooke's "Pantheon" was as if well known to me under various names.

On the most momentous of subjects, sex, and the moral problems relating thereto, no adequate English work exists. There is no chart of the passionate currents of wind and wave sweeping that dangerous sea which every youth must voyage. Rationalism pilots us from the moorings of fear, past the shoals of tradition, then leaves us, with fallacious assurance that nature's light will lead us. This naturalistic superstition arrests the evolution of ethics corresponding to the liberalism of our age, relegating half of man to "the realm of silence." Over broken monastic chains and exploded hells, the word remains: "But to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends'." So-called "moralists" sermonize about Goethe, without seeing in his errors reflection of their own incompetence. Goethe has transmuted his faults into guidance for a generation whose girdles of authority and superstition are broken. In "Wilhelm Meister" civilized man appears the product of culture that he is; phantasms fossilized under his feet, his environment of

human, not natural, selection, influenced only by motives related to the world of his creation. Here, for foundation-stones of the normal moral order, are honor, self-respect, sympathy, compassionateness, taste, love of beauty, luxury-loving repose; and here the perception that by educating each human being in these as supreme religion the beautiful society shall be built. In "Elective Affinities," remorseless nature, regardless of morality, and a sacramental morality regardless of nature, appear as upper and nether millstones, crushing hearts and lives. The liberated moral sentiment assumes the seat of judgment, and pronounces these victims of the immoral morality derived from uncivilized nature. Margaret Fuller would prefer to see Goethe slaying the serpent with the divine wrath of Apollo, rather than taming it to his service, like Æsculapius. But this serpent cannot be slain, and by the serpent lifted up men are saved. All subtlety is needed for the art of living. Goethe has shown that if moralists are too prudish to advise youth, Mephistopheles is not. Margaret and Mignon have irremovably taken their place as pathetic monitors of youth emancipating itself from tradition.

An ideal library were analogous to the museum where one ascends gradually from azoic rocks to anthropology. My experience would label the galleries, successively: Bunyan, Dickens, Emerson, Browning, Goethe, Darwin, Schopenhauer, Shakespeares. With evolution Emerson had familiarized me before Darwin; he had seen the whole golden stairway of organization, with forms of ever-increasing perfection ascending. When Darwin showed this vision real, demonstrated the alliance of heredity and variation, what fair translations of the fact appeared! The secret of creation was discovered; Promethean art, to which a thousand years of nature is but as one day, would now by purposed scientific selection evolve an earthly paradise, and domesticate deities in it. We were as those that dream. Our mouth was filled with laughter and song. For Young America was optimist; on its ear "The Origin of Species" was nature's choral symphony breaking into a cosmic ode to joy. But to the ear of the Old World it bore tidings that nature is a monster devouring her children, "red in tooth and claw." European literature henceforth bore



the appearance of a Book of Lamentations. Tennyson's laureate despair, Ruskin's artistic ravings, Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man," Turgeneff's brave figures struggling against nature-gods jealous of excellence, made a fatal chorus round the new generalization. The organizing light cast on science must now be weighed with the dark corollary that nature is predatory, and is impartial between progress and reversion.

While Emerson was speculatively anticipating Darwin's discovery in happy vision, Schopenhauer was surmising our simian origin. Emerson calls Schopenhauer's pessimism "odious," yet his sentences sometimes seem quotations from the pessimist. "Nature works very hard, and only hits the white once in a million throws." "The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving." Some of Schopenhauer's essays, translated by Messrs. Droppers and Dachsel, mastered my prejudice. They returned me, indeed, to my familiar old serpent-poisoned world, without its future hopes; but from this thinker a beam shone far into the darkness. For Schopenhauer admits that art is "supernatural." Still the lute of Orpheus can silence the hell-hound of care. Art makes the wheel of Ixion pause. Voltaire's verdict on his eighty years, "*Le bonheur n'est qu'un rêve, et la douleur est réelle*," is brightened by Schopenhauer with a suggestion of the arts by which the dream may be made real for many.

Schopenhauer's funereal lamp brings out meanings in Buddhist scriptures and legends deeper than their beauties. James Sime, author of the admirable "Life of Lessing," told me that, when near his end, Schopenhauer said, "I am Buddha." His friends suppressed the incident, unnecessarily. Buddhism, with its hope of euthanasia and non-existence, not attributable to any individual teacher in the East, was incarnate in Schopenhauer. But Nirvana is not the solution of life's dark problem; it is pre-Darwinite; evolution must secure survival. But the pessimist's admission, "Art is supernatural," is a lamp which turns his other to a taper. Its light illumines also Zoroastrian scriptures—Zendavesta, Bundehesch, etc. Here is another solution. There is no Cosmos yet; the Good Mind is making one out of a world largely alien

to itself. Amid the inorganic chaos, Armaiti, the Persian Madonna, ever labors, gently and patiently pressing back the frontiers of ferocity, reclaiming man and nature by culture. Armaiti is the supernatural Art. I have met her in the "Gulistan" of Saadi, the "Rose Garden;" in Boccaccio's circle, beguiled from remembrance of the plague with artful stories; in Rabelais's Abbey of Thelema. Walter Besant, author of "The Monks of Thelema," built in London the People's Palace of Delight on the foundation of Rabelais's dream. And what shall I say of the miracle-worker, of Shakespeare? Nothing; it were vain to try and tell a tithe of my debt to him, and once touched he is so hard to leave. Yes, the answer to Schopenhauer is Shakespeare. In youth, the millennium seems near; with advancing years it recedes; and I do not know what more can be done, amid the world's miseries and anarchies, than what Shakespeare has helped us to do—create an ideal world which shall sometimes overlay the hard face of necessity with its enchantment.

I lay down my pen, but many loved helpers have not been named. Their reproachful faces look from my shelves. The anthropologists, scientists, mythologists, archæologists, philologists, interpreters of religion; the scholars who have given our century its richest bequest, the sacred books of the East; these have changed the past from a cemetery to a city select of every age's best, with forms more alive than our swarming populations. When the canon of sacred books of the West shall be formed, I personally and especially pray that from them may not be omitted Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," Renan's "Recollections of my Youth," Kalisch's "Path and Goal," Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," and all of Shakespeare; for these chiefly have aided me toward emancipating myself from the polemical spirit, and to rejoice in varied fruits of the Good Mind, though the trees be not labeled from my own botany. But who can understand his errors? It may be that in this, my first public narrative of intimate experiences, some word survives from the militant age I fancy behind me; if so, I ask forgiveness of any that word may wound, and of these great tolerant teachers.

## TWELFTH PAPER.

BY ROBERT C. PITMAN.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE came to me in youth as an inspiration to all the higher faculties of my nature. The title of one of his best-known books, "Aids to Reflection," best expresses his office as a teacher. He was no system-builder; he was hardly, in the strict sense, a great philosopher; but I owe him an immense debt for the stimulation and elevation of my spiritual life. Characteristically a poet, and never more so than when pouring forth his "divine philosophy," he had the poet's power to make the ideal life the real. Everything that passed through his mind suffered "a change into something rich and strange," so that it could neither be identified nor reclaimed; but he would have acknowledged Kant as his master, and, whether or not he was an accurate teacher, he made the great outlines of his master's philosophy known to English thought. And in other ways he gave us the first fruits of that wondrous and wide-spreading tree of German literature. Hardly less was his service in introducing us to buried treasures of the old English divines, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, and Leighton, whose style reflected the sweetness and grandeur of their thought. These and the works of Coleridge himself still seem to me almost incomparable introductions to the study of language in its application to the highest uses.

Nor was Coleridge of less value to me because at the height of his intellectual power he supported reactionary views both in politics and in religion. He had passed through what are known as liberal views in each, and they had left their influence upon him more deeply than he was conscious of. Undoubtedly he won more adherents to the Old because he supported it in the spirit of the New. But those who could not turn their faces from the sunrise, charm he ever so wisely, were greatly benefited by his loving apotheosis of the past. It is not well to

break from it with scorn and contempt. Before a man goes on, it is well for him to appreciate what he leaves behind, and to see how the intellectual abodes he is leaving may still be to others "fair homes, wherein to live and die."

While the spell of Coleridge was still on me I fell under the gracious influence of Dr. Channing. He, like Coleridge, was of the intuitionist school of philosophers, and though widely separated in dogmatic belief, the two had many points of sympathy; and after they had met, Coleridge spoke of Channing as one who had "the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." Yet how different in temperament and gifts! Coleridge was the genius; Channing the prophet. Coleridge was the poet; Channing the preacher. Coleridge fascinated us with the wealth of his learning and the fertility of his imagination; Channing held us by the simple grandeur of his thought and the moral earnestness of his convictions. Coleridge uttered mystic oracles; Channing gave us a new sense of the beatitudes.

The essay of Dr. Channing on Fénelon I may select as most helpful in setting forth the essence of religion and the real nature of self-denial. I must also acknowledge my obligation to Dr. Channing in stimulating my interest in social questions, and especially in impressing upon me the truth that all reforms were chiefly important as they liberated the spiritual nature, and left man free for the highest development of humanity. Thus was the surest foundation laid for the philanthropies; and the passion for human progress consecrated as one with the ultimate end of religion, "the increasing life of God in the soul of man."

If Coleridge awakened thought and Channing aspiration, Carlyle, no less surely, aroused all that was heroic. He benefited me not so much by what he taught as by evoking an energy of purpose and of will. A course of Carlyle was as an alterative and tonic medicine. It was like that ideal medicine which does not artificially excite or temporarily stimulate, but which calls forth permanently the natural sources of strength. How Carlyle awoke a divine scorn of seeming and a passion for being! How he taught the worth of work, and the worthlessness of all else! How he turned us from that vain pursuit of happiness to that nobler trust in the blessedness which comes

from harmony with the eternal laws! To come under the spell of this giant was surely to gain in insight, in courage, in resolution, in patience, in persistence, and, above all, in a reverent sense of the solemn mystery of life.

From Carlyle to Wordsworth is like going from the wild moors of Craigenputtock to the soft landscape of the Lake Country. But no man's education has any wholeness who does not come under the influence of the poets; and happy is he who, amid the restless questionings and practical anxieties of early youth, can lie down awhile by the still waters of Wordsworth. He it was who opened my mind's eye to the beauty of nature and to its spiritual meaning. I learned that the deepest sources of poetic inspiration were not from the tales of chivalry or the romance of society, but from "the short and simple annals of the poor," from the common feelings of God's children. I was taught, too, the blessing of a receptive mind; that it was not well to be forever striving, even if aspiring; that there was a time for feeding the mind by "a wise passiveness;" that it was true at some "hour of feeling" that

"One moment now may give us more  
Than fifty years of reason."

I do not count among the least of the influences which educated me the sunny hours I spent in college days in the window-seat overlooking the Connecticut Valley, and poring over the pages of William Wordsworth.

I do not forget that Browning, with some misgiving, confesses that he had our favorite in mind when he wrote those scornful yet pathetic verses on "The Lost Leader." But Wordsworth's loss of faith in the bright visions of his early youth did not injure me. Danger did not lie that way. And to any who may still be disposed to think harshly of him I commend the words of John Stuart Mill, at once wise and generous, who used to say to his radical friends who were angry with him for loving Wordsworth, "He is against us, no doubt, in the battle which you are now waging; but after you have won, the world will need more than ever those qualities which Wordsworth is keeping alive and nourishing."

Mrs. Browning's poetry awakened in me the very greatest and deepest interest from the time of her first introduction to the American public as Elizabeth Barrett. That her educational influence over me was as great as that of Wordsworth I should not like to assert, but her emotional was certainly greater. She was eminently the religious, the Christian poet, and so she sounded every depth of feeling. She had learned in suffering what she taught in song, and so she won our sympathy. She was a woman, feminine in all her tastes and feelings, but masculine in the breadth of her attainments and the strength of her intellect. She exhibited the possibility of the highest intellectual power in a woman, but also showed us that there is still "a sex in soul."

However good a purpose metaphysical studies may serve a young man as mental gymnastics, one is not apt to turn to them afterward with gratitude for aid in solving the problems of life. I must, however, in my own case acknowledge an indebtedness to Victor Cousin for a habit of thought which has been of great advantage to me. His eclecticism taught me to look at all systems of belief with large and comprehensive view, and to recognize the fact that they survive and live, not through their falsities, but through their verities. So I have sought, while holding my own opinions tenaciously enough, to discover the element of truth and the aspect of beauty in adverse views.

Dr. James Freeman Clarke, who, I imagine, came under the same philosophical influence, has been a most helpful teacher in the same direction. Through him I learned that irenics was at least as important a division of Christian theology as polemics.

Let me here briefly recall my great obligation to two other eminent preachers who early claimed an admiration which has never been lost or weakened. Dr. Orville Dewey must, I suppose, be distinctively ranked as an ethical preacher. But he was the most earnest, and in a deep sense the most passionate, preacher of ethics that the pulpit of our century has seen. I know not where to look for sermons exceeding in grandeur and impressiveness his "Sermons on Human Life." James Martineau, though belonging to the same general school of religious thought, presents an effective contrast to Dewey in temperament

and style. Though easily the foremost of living metaphysicians among English-speaking people, it is not in this capacity that I owe him most. If any one has an ignorant prejudice against sermons as dull reading, I commend to him the two volumes of Martineau entitled "Endeavors after the Christian Life." In style these sermons are prose poems, in spirit tender and devout, in thought subtle and deep. They have been to me an ever-recurring delight and inspiration.

I now turn to the sources of spiritual strength which have flowed into my life from the Broad Church of England.

Stanley's "Life of Arnold" has been a character-building book for thousands, and its influence over my own life in early manhood was marked and continuous. I do not know that I was ever in danger of falling into the toils of the High Church. But the winning poetry of the devout Keble and the subtle logic of the scholarly Newman, have carried into that inclosure many strong and liberal intellects. A course of Arnold, it seems to me, is one of the best prophylactics. But the influence of Dr. Arnold upon me was not mainly to keep me from error, but was tonic and eminently practical.

Madame De Staël once wrote: "A religious man is usually a recluse; men of the world are seldom religious." And a half century later Margaret Fuller called out for "a spiritual man of the world." Dr. Arnold was such a one. His whole life was a protest against the sundering of religion and work. Religion was to him neither a ritual nor a creed, but the spirit of Christ in every thought and act, the application of the Master's teachings to all the varied relations of private, social, and public life. So, while entering into the work of his chosen profession with all the ardor and faithfulness which characterized him, he retained his healthy relish for all manly recreations and his vivid enjoyment of all domestic delights. His piety, sincere and deep, was natural and unaffected, with not the least odor of the cloister about it, but a thing of cheerful life. To come within the sphere of his influence was to feel the religiousness of work; and this he taught not less effectively than Thomas Carlyle. The influence of Arnold was also eminently helpful in teaching the duties of citizenship. To him these were a part, and

an important part, of his religious obligations. What concerned the state was as near to him as the fate of Jerusalem was to the olden prophets. The love of country was a passion, and the burden of all her problems lay upon his heart. But he had a comforting sense of an overruling providence and a hopeful belief in human progress.

Arnold has been called the founder of the Broad Church of England; but I love to think of him as formulating the foundation of a still broader church—that church invisible but real, universal and not local, the truly Holy Catholic Church, the great assembly of all Christian people—when he wrote, “He is a Christian who follows Christ’s law, and believes his words according to his conscientious sense of their meaning.”

Dean Stanley pronounced Frederick Robertson to be the first preacher of the present century. If most powerfully and permanently to affect the thought of the age is the test of such rank, he can well abide it. Peculiar circumstances favored the great influence such sermons would in any case have had over me. I had ample leisure to take in their impression and to assimilate the food they offered. The wonderfully fascinating yet pathetic “Life and Letters” must be ranked with the sermons in power and interest. Robertson was not merely fervent with the impassioned energy of youth (he died at thirty-seven) and eloquent with the earnestness of deep conviction, but he was the most quickening and suggestive of thinkers. He denied creeds and formulas only to affirm more grandly the truths at their heart. As a disciple of Hegel he ever strove “to seize and hold the spirit of every truth which is held by all systems under diverse, and often in appearance contradictory, forms.” But the best and most enduring office of Robertson was as a teacher of religion rather than of theology. And it was not so much teaching as making one *feel* the truth by contact with a living and magnetic soul. Nor was it the truth of speculation, but the truth of life. This inspiring and uplifting power of Robertson was as unique as it was universal over those who gave themselves up to his influence. He thus became to me, as to so many others, not merely an intellectual stimulant but a spiritual force.

It was the prophetic prayer of the good Bishop of Norwich



that his son, Arthur Stanley, "might be an instrument in God's providence of extending more enlarged and more Christian views among the clergy, and thus the means of disseminating a wider and more comprehensive spirit of Christianity throughout the land." The prayer has been more than answered. Among his contemporaries, no voice was so constantly raised in the Church of England for charity and peace as that of Arthur Penryhn Stanley. But his influence has neither been restricted to the clergy nor to members of his own church. Over laymen everywhere he has exerted a still more powerful influence, and has spoken with cheerful inspiration to those in every land who cherish the belief in a common Christianity, and the hope that in the future it may have some outward embodiment. To the general characteristics of the leaders of the Broad Church Stanley added the special gift of an historic imagination. It was this, united to the charm of a style of singular purity and poetic beauty, which gave such life and power to his published lectures on the Jewish Church. Where the dreary critic would make a desert, Stanley causes freshness and perennial beauty to spring up. We see the great patriarchs of the East as living heroes set in their true place in the world's history, and the immortal prophets as the perpetual heralds of those truths "that wake to perish never." I gratefully record my sense of obligation to Dean Stanley for thus freshening my interest in these precious narratives, and aiding me to trace through those remote ages the thread of "that increasing purpose" which has been ever in the mind of Infinite Providence.

It would hardly be just for me to close the catalogue of great thinkers who have been my special benefactors without the name of Emanuel Swedenborg. And yet I hardly know what attitude to take before him. I certainly do not sit at his feet with the humility of a disciple. His exegesis of Scripture is only rivaled in ludicrous fancifulness by the millenarians who attach numerical values to obscure sentences in the Book of Daniel, or by the vagaries of what is called "the Baconian cipher." I am often repelled by his gross and grotesque pictures. And yet Emerson justly says: "Swedenborg had a vast genius and announced many things true and admirable, which,

passing out of his system into general circulation, are now met with every day, qualifying the views and creeds of all churches, and of men of no church." But the "master light" of this Swedish seer has come to me mainly by reflection. In youth it came in the rainbow hues of dear Lydia Maria Child. In manhood it came in the golden visions of that rational mystic, Edmund H. Sears, in the ethical meditations and the "Garden Thoughts" of Mary Chandler Ware, and the graver essays of Theophilus Parsons. Through these I have learned much, and have received what has gone into the substance of my inmost life. A deeper feeling of the immanence of God in his creation, a sense of the oneness of all life here and hereafter, a perception of the correspondence between the natural and the spiritual world, a sight of the reconciliation between divine love and necessary retribution—these and many things more I will dare to say I greatly owe to the wonderful religious genius of this unique man.

If I were writing a list of books as helps for some young friend, I certainly should not close here. I should add other and later authors, especially Robert Browning. But it is the books we read before middle life that do most to mold our characters and influence our lives; and this not only because our natures are then plastic and our opinions flexible, but also because to produce lasting impression it is necessary to give a great author time and meditation. The books that are with us in the leisure of youth, that we love for a time not only with the enthusiasm but with something of the exclusiveness of a first love, are those that enter as factors forever in our mental life.



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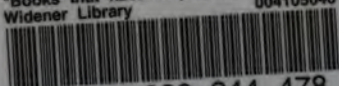


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